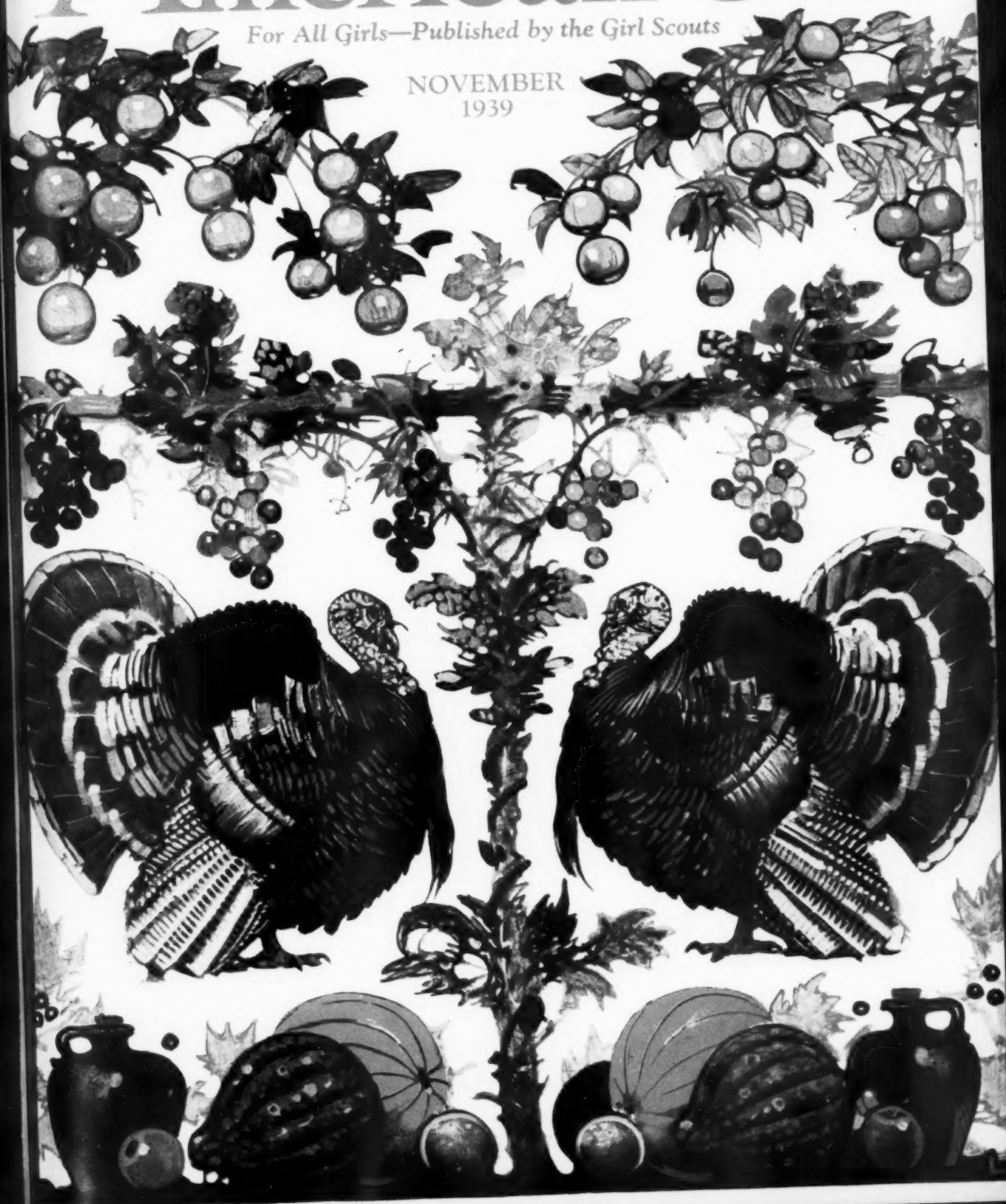


15c a copy

The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

NOVEMBER
1939





O-O-O-O-h!

What a spiffy room!



Against gray walls, bright blue pleated ruffles frame the mirror and windows, and skirt the bed and dressing table. With bright yellow slip covers, this room's a love!

And Here's A Spiffy Secret—it would cost you almost nothing to transform *your* room in the same exciting manner. Lessons are FREE at your Singer Sewing Center.

Want to "do over" your room? Singer will help!

DON'T SAY you can't fit slip covers or make drapes—for, thanks to Singer FREE instruction, any Girl Scout can!

Your nearest Singer Sewing Center will teach you all sorts of brand-new decorating tricks in your spare time or on Saturdays—absolutely free. Or you can learn to make your own clothes.

You'll love the electric machines, the cutting tables, all the interesting new gadgets at the Singer Sewing Center. Come alone or with a group of Scout friends. It's fun!

• • • • •

Singer lessons help toward Scout Badge Awards, too!

• • • • •

Scout Leaders: This special free help will be given to Girl Scouts singly or in groups. Consult your neighborhood Singer Shop for a mutually convenient time, and let the Sewing Teacher know how many are going to come in.

Singer

SEWING CENTERS EVERYWHERE

Copyright U. S. A., 1937, 1939, by The Singer Manufacturing Co.
All rights reserved for all countries.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

CONTENTS for NOVEMBER, 1939

Cover Design	Orson Lowell
In the Library—From a painting by Frederick Carl Frieseke	4

STORIES

The Tudor Cupboard—Elizabeth Curtis. Illustrated by the author	9
The Streamlined Spook—Eleanor Hull. Illustrated by Ruth King	15
"Where Shall I Hide?"—Neola Tracy Lane. Illustrated by Alice Caddy	20
Winter Cottage, III—Carol Ryrie Brink. Illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg	23

ARTICLES

Judy Garland—Helen Grigsby Doss. Illustrated with photographs	5
The Queen Is in the Counting House—Eleanor Edson. Illustrated by S. Wendell Campbell	12
Tips for the Holiday Turkey—Jane Carter. Illustrated with a photograph	18
Leather Work Is Fun—Chester Marsh. Illustrated by John Watrous	30

POEMS

Story-Tellers—Leona Ames Hill	14
Workaday Jinny and Dreamaday Jill—Ivy O. Eastwick. With a decoration by William Berger	32

GIRL SCOUT FEATURES

Girl Scouts Have a Way with a Camera—Bravo, O.M.S. Prairie Schooner!	26
Girl Scouts Have a Way with a Camera—Good Work, Senior Scouts of South Orange!	28
Girl Scouts Are Book Lovers	41

DEPARTMENTS

In Step with the Times—Latrobe Carroll	34	A Penny for Your Thoughts	44
Make Your Own Clothes—Elizabeth Anthony	37	Laugh and Grow Scout	47
Good Times with Books—Nora Beust	38	When Stamps Are Your Hobby—Osborne B. Bond	48
What's On the Air?	42	American Painters Series, XXII: Frederick Carl Frieseke—M. C.	50
What's On the Screen?	43		

ANNE STODDARD, Editor
ELIZABETH HONNESS, Managing Editor
JULIA FAY, Assistant to the Editor

THE AMERICAN GIRL

ERIC SHUMWAY, Circulation Manager
MARGARET MORAN, Adv. Representative

Subscription price: \$1.50 for one year, \$2.00 for two years. Foreign, \$.60 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: A. M. Willcox & Associates, Graybar Building, New York City; Powers & Stone, First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.; Dorr & Corbett, Old South Building, Boston, Mass.; Warwick S. Carpenter, 29 E. de la Guerra, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Published monthly by Girl Scouts, Inc., 350 Dennison Ave., Dayton, Ohio. Address all correspondence to the Executive and Editorial offices at Girl Scout National Headquarters, 14 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1939, Girl Scouts, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Reprinting not permitted except by special authorization. Entered as second-class matter July 30, 1936, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921.

VOLUME XXII

Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER XI

Honorary President . . Mrs. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Honorary
Vice-Presidents

Mrs. BENJAMIN HARRISON
Mrs. T. J. PRESTON, JR.
Mrs. THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Mrs. WILLIAM H. TAFT
Mrs. WOODROW WILSON
Mrs. CALVIN COOLIDGE
Mrs. HERBERT HOOVER
Miss SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD
Mrs. WILLIAM H. HOFFMAN
Mrs. ARTHUR O. CHOATE

National Commissioner . . Mrs. FREDERICK EBEL
Founder Mrs. JULIETTE LOW
President Mrs. FREDERICK H. BROOKE
National Director . . . Mrs. PAUL RITTENHOUSE
Controller Mr. E. F. ELWOOD

Mrs. Louis H. Burlingham . . . First Vice-President
Mrs. William M. Chester . . . Second Vice-President
Mrs. Vance C. McCormick . . . Third Vice-President
Mrs. Herbert Lehman . . . Fourth Vice-President
Mrs. Louis Guerinneau Myers . . Fifth Vice-President
Mrs. Stuart McGuire . . . Sixth Vice-President
Mrs. F. Louis Slade . . . Seventh Vice-President
Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. . Eighth Vice-President
Mrs. John A. Frick . . . Ninth Vice-President
Mrs. Otis B. Wight . . . Tenth Vice-President
Mrs. F. Louis Slade, Acting Chairman, B'd of Directors
Miss Eleanor Edson Treasurer
Mrs. Leo Arnstein Assistant Treasurer
Mrs. Ralph G. Wright Secretary
Mrs. E. Swift Newton Assistant Secretary



For biographical note about the artist, see page 50

Courtesy of Macbeth Gallery, New York City

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES

XXII—IN THE LIBRARY

painted by

FREDERICK CARL FRIESEKE

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

NOVEMBER • 1939

JUDY GARLAND

IT WAS amateur night at Frank Gumm's theater in Grand Rapids, Minnesota. The usual run of song-and-dancers had taken their turns, one by one, while the audience had applauded politely. Then Mr. Gumm took the stage to announce the last contestant.

"My youngest daughter, Frances—a real amateur," he smiled. "This is her first stage appearance."

The curtains slithered open. A chestnut-haired youngster, just turned two and a half, stood shyly behind the footlights. Her dress, as white as the Christmas snow sifting outside, boasted a corsage of red holly berries nestled in a sprig of shiny leaves. Her dark eyes glowed.

"I'm going to sing *Jingle Bells*," she quavered.

"Atta-girl, Baby Gumm!" a friend called from the front row.

The orchestra swung into a merry introduction. Baby Gumm lisped out the opening line two bars late. By the end of the chorus she was having a glorious time, completely wrapped up in the fun of singing. The orchestra wound up with a beautiful *finale*, but Baby Gumm kept going without benefit of accompaniment.

As she finished a third repetition of the same chorus, Father Gumm began making signs from backstage. But his youngest was already beginning her fourth round with enthusiasm.

More drastic measures had to be employed. The fifth *Jingle Bells* chorus abruptly changed to a wail as the determined young soloist was carried off bodily. Even laughter and applause could not drown the tearful protest behind the wings, "I want to sing!" It was Judy Garland's first debut before her delighted public.

Soon after this, Mr. and Mrs. Gumm took their three daughters and moved West. They settled in a sunny Cali-



How enthusiasm and perseverance—two characteristic qualities—helped to make Judy Garland, heroine of "The Wizard of Oz," a success in the movies

HELEN GRIGSBY DOSS



fornia town named Lancaster. Virginia and Suzanne, who were older than Baby, enrolled at school; Baby started kindergarten.

Virginia and Suzanne had been singing duets together for many years, and now that their little sister was showing a growing talent for singing, she often joined them to make a trio. Local women's clubs and benefits called on the girls for entertainment. Gradually their popularity grew, until they were in demand with organizations from more distant places.

Little Frances always enjoyed singing with her sisters. She stood in the middle, being the smallest, and sang with her arms around their waists. When things seemed dull, she would tickle them in their ribs. Sometimes Baby and Virginia would then break out into giggles and spoil their singing, but Suzanne wouldn't stand for such nonsense. Suzanne took their singing seriously, and scolded Baby until she finally did, too.

Soon the trio was appearing in small theaters and vaudeville shows. One of their biggest thrills was when they received an offer from the Oriental Theater in Chicago. They were to have a featured place on the program with billing and a private dressing room. It didn't take the Gumm long to accept the offer and pack their clothes for the trip.

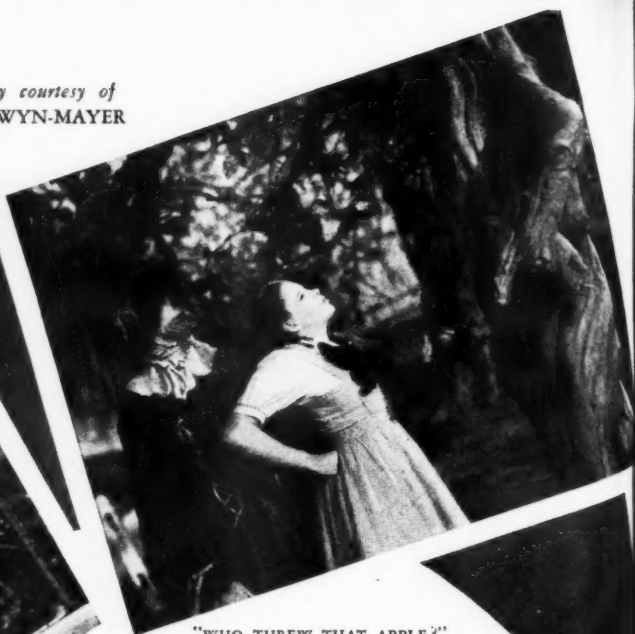
The first thing they saw, as they approached the theater, was a sign on the marquee blazing out, "The Glumm Sisters"! At first they all laughed; but later, sitting around backstage, they began to grumble about it. George Jessel, who was on the same bill, felt sorry for them.

"Why don't you change your name?" he wanted to know.

Mrs. Gumm agreed that it might be a good idea, and they all tried to think of possible new names. Finally George

JUDY LIKES A BRISK
GAME OF TENNIS ON
HER OWN COURT TO
KEEP HER IN TRIM

Photographs by courtesy of
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



"WHO THREW THAT APPLE?"
EXCLAIMS DOROTHY TO THE
SCARECROW. THEY FINALLY
COME TO THE CONCLUSION
IT WAS THE APPLE TREE



LEFT: AT THE AGE OF
TWO, JUDY HAD THE
SAME WINSOME FACE AND
GLOSSY MOP OF CHESTNUT
HAIR SHE HAS TO-DAY



BELOW: JUDY HAS HER
OWN MUSIC ROOM WHERE
SHE CAN PLAY RECORDS
TO HER HEART'S CON-
TENT, PRACTICE SINGING,
OR JUST LOAF AND READ

Jessel thought of a friend of his named Robert Garland.

"How would you like *Garland*?" he suggested. "The Garland Sisters"!

Everyone was enthusiastic. "But what about my first name?" Baby wanted to know through the hub-bub. "I'm getting too old to be called 'Baby' any more, and I don't like 'Frances'."

"No, you don't look like a 'Frances'," Jessel agreed. Another conference, and someone came up with the name "Judy." So—just like that!—the Gumm sisters became "The Garland Sisters," and Baby Gumm became "Judy Garland." And the names have stuck.

All through childhood Judy wavered between her ambition to become a singer and her desire to be a nurse. She was fascinated with anything to do with nursing, and was a regular Florence Nightingale with her dolls. She hoarded all her mother's empty medicine bottles, especially the ones with droppers attached, for her "nursing kit." A piece of old rubber tubing, cut in half and with the two ends stuck in a big cork, made a very satisfactory, if ungainly, stethoscope for sounding out the little excelsior-filled chests. Father's old watch was fine for counting pulses, barring the minor fact that it hadn't been running for two years.

Grammar school days flew by happily and, before Judy knew it, both older sisters were married and the trio was broken up. Judy continued her daily singing practice with her mother, but her main interests were now school and sports. She was learning to swim like a fish, and she was crazy about tennis and ping-pong. On Saturdays, the gang would gather on the corner lot for scrub baseball.

The turn in Judy's rather quiet life came when she was thirteen. She was invited to spend several weeks vacation at Lake Tahoe, and it didn't take long for someone to discover her talents and include her on a Lodge program.

When Judy stood up to sing before the vacationers grouped about the Lodge, she was composure itself. She brushed back a flying auburn lock and her large, dark eyes smiled a greeting as she announced her song. The pianist played an introduction, and Judy launched into the song with typical Judy Garland enthusiasm. She was half-way through when she saw a June bug meandering across the floor.

Now if there is one thing Judy is perfectly content to get along without, it's bugs. Too good a trouper to stop

her song for a mere insect, and yet too afraid of the mere insect for personal comfort, Judy unconsciously compromised. She would sing a bar or two, then step a few feet away from the oncoming bug. Then, after a few more faltering measures, she would mince away again. The bug would swerve a bit to the right, and Judy would tack off to the left. Just as she wavered on the last note, the June bug took off like a tri-motored bomber. It zoomed past Judy's up-tilted nose and out the window, and Judy simultaneously zoomed through the opposite door.

The delighted audience roared. Particularly interested was a studio scout from one of the great motion picture companies. He recommended the dark-eyed youngster to his studio. Some weeks later, at home, Judy was surprised by a 'phone call requesting her to come for a tryout. They were looking for girl singers.

On her way to the studio, Judy was as excited as she was scared. She walked through the big gates and through a door marked *Casting Office*.

"I am the girl singer you wanted," she announced to the granite-faced man behind the desk.

He looked her over coolly. "You're just a child."

"I'm thirteen," Judy answered, drawing her straight little figure to its full height, "and I've had stage experience—lots of it!"

The man raised bored eyebrows. Judy, without further ado, burst into the chorus of a popular song. When she was nearly through, he abruptly left the room.

Judy sat down like a punctured balloon. But the man was back in a short time with several other men. "Notice that enthusiasm," he was saying as they came through the door. "She's a natural!"

The men had Judy sing again. They were all delighted. Finally the vice-president was called in. Within half an hour the studio was drawing up a contract.

Judy was soon cast in a "short" called *Every Sunday*. Working in her first picture was like a dream. She not only could "watch the wheels go round" in the making of a movie, but she actually was *part* of those wheels. She had to rub her eyes and pinch herself to make sure she wasn't dreaming when she met her favorite movie stars face-to-face on the studio lot. It was like paying a visit to fairyland.

BELOW: THE SCARECROW, THE TIN WOODSMAN, JUDY, AND THE COWARDLY LION WALK THROUGH THE FIELD OF POISON POPPIES WITHOUT FEAR



NO ONE HAS TO URGE JUDY TO DRINK MILK! SHE OFTEN RAIDS THE ICE BOX AT HOME TO HAVE ANOTHER GLASS BETWEEN MEALS

RIGHT: AS DOROTHY IN "THE WIZARD OF OZ"



JUDY ARRANGES POSIES IN HER BEVERLY HILLS FLOWER SHOP

Judy did so well in her first picture that she was immediately cast in *Broadway Melody of 1938*. In *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry* she made a new friendship with another popular young actor, Mickey Rooney. Then, after finishing *Everybody Sing*, she began work on one of her favorite pictures of all, *Love Finds Andy Hardy*. She liked the story, a real story about real people; she liked the actors, Mickey Rooney, Anne Rutherford, Lewis Stone, and all the rest; she liked her part because she had some nice songs and she could be herself on the screen.

DURING the production of *Listen, Darling*, with Freddie Bartholomew, she committed the almost unforgivable studio sin—she spoiled a perfect take. Not on purpose, of course.

They were working on the scene in the auto trailer where Judy takes her little brother in her arms and sings *Ten Pins in the Sky*. The rain was pouring down in torrents outside the window, lightning flashed, and was followed by rolls of studio thunder.

Judy had already recorded her song in a special, sound-proof recording room. Nearly all singers and musicians on the screen do this, because the acoustics, or sound properties, of an ordinary movie set are not good enough for perfect recordings.

The record of Judy's song was played, so she could sing along with it. This way, when the sound track was later added to the silent film for this scene, her mouth would move in perfect timing with the song you would be hearing.

When all was ready for the scene, the director ordered quiet and the cameras started purring. Judy began her song, and her timing with the record was perfect. Just as the director was heaving a big sigh of relief and whispering to his assistant, "Well, we'll only have to take *this* scene once!" something big and gawky barged into the middle of the scene. When everything had quieted down they found Judy petting a huge Saint Bernard puppy and looking apologetic. "Sergei looked so wistful when I left this morning," she explained, "that I couldn't bear to leave him home alone.

So I just brought him to work with me and left him in my dressing room." She giggled a little shamefacedly and patted the happy, squirming pup. "I guess he got out some way so he could see me. He likes me almost as much as I like him!"

To make up, Judy went at the retake with even more zest than before, while Sergei watched from the sidelines.

In the summer of 1938, Judy was given the prize-plum rôle of Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz*. This picture—which took a young fortune and a year to produce—brings a beloved fantasy at last to the screen.

Judy was about the only member of the cast who didn't have to wear a weird or complicated costume. The Good Witch, Glinda, had to travel around in a bubble, and the Wicked Witch of the West had to have her hands and face painted green. The Cowardly Lion wore a fifty pound lion skin (zippered up the back), the Tin Woodman was weighted down with a metal and silvered leather outfit, and the burlap-faced Scarecrow, oozing straw from his ragged clothes, had to be followed around with a fire extinguisher.

Judy's costume is the same through the whole picture: a blue-checked gingham jumper, with a white puffed-sleeved guimpe trimmed in blue rick-rack at neck and sleeves. The jumper has two suspender straps attached with big white buttons to the waist, and a full action skirt. A charming outfit for any teen-ager!

Before the picture was started, Judy was thrilled because she was going to be very beautiful in a wig of long, golden curls. The wig was made, and the first scenes of *The Wizard of Oz* were shot with Judy proudly wearing it; but, after a look at the first preview shots in the projection room, it was decided to scrap all of Judy's scenes and have her do them over again—minus the wig. It made her look beautiful enough, yes—but she didn't look at all like Judy.

Technicolor, used in most of the *Wizard of Oz* scenes, brings out Judy's own vivid coloring. It not only high-lights her shiny chestnut hair, but it makes her naturally dark eyes look even larger and darker. Her dimples, hardly noticeable in black-and-white pictures, flash with every smile.

One of Judy's new friends in this picture was the little Cairn terrier, Toto—her constant companion in her strange adventures in Oz. One day they were working on a set built up to look like a mountainside. Men had been trying for half an hour to make Toto bark as he jumped from rock to rock on the steep slope. The difficult leaping he managed perfectly; but he just *wouldn't* bark.

Finally Judy turned to the director and giggled, "He's like my dog—he does just the opposite of what you tell him to do!"

"Well, it might be an idea," Director Fleming groaned. He nodded to the cameraman. "Turn 'em again. We'll shoot this scene without the barks."

Suddenly he stood up and bellowed, "Quiet!" At once Toto started barking and ran through a perfect scene.

If you should ask Judy what she likes best about the picture, she will probably say, "Toto! I hope they put us (Continued on page 40)



DOROTHY DISCOVERS HER SCARECROW FRIEND ON THE ROAD TO THE EMERALD CITY

The Tudor Cupboard

By
ELIZABETH
CURTIS

Illustrated
by the Author



THE FARMER'S WIFE AND
ALL OF THE MAIDS BEAT
ON PANS, RAISING SUCH
A FEARFUL DIN GILDICK-
EN TOOK TO HIS HEELS

THERE is an enterprising fairy called Gildicken, who for nearly three hundred years has jaunted about the highways and byways of New England. He is good-hearted, but extremely curious and interfering, as kindly people often are. However, as he is invisible, he can poke his nose into everybody's business and no one is annoyed.

One afternoon, as he was strolling along a country road on the hunt for a snug lodging—and, with the back of his eye, looking for adventures—he came to a farmhouse. Before the door stood a spinning wheel and a couple of straight-backed chairs.

"Bless us! It's a hundred years since I heard the hum of a wheel!" Gill thought, and hopped to a window sill for a look. The room was like the kitchens he had known in the early days, wide open hearth, rafted ceiling, and shining pewter on the shelves. A girl in an old-fashioned peach-pink gown danced about the floor, holding out her puffed skirts. Her red hair was bobbed and straight. She had blue eyes and plenty of freckles.

As Gill watched and wondered, a woman appeared, frowning. "How often have I told you, Rosemary, to leave those costumes alone. That silk is dropping to pieces! What would your grandfather say?"

"He wouldn't care about this one, Aunt Liza," the girl said. "It's too worn-out to sell."

"That's what you think," answered her aunt, "but it is

*How Gildicken, a good-hearted elf
who liked to pry into other people's
business, turned an old grudge into a
good turn for the benefit of Rosemary*

worn-out trash that people like the best! And that is not the point. You waste too much time with this acting business!"

"Here comes Granddaddy!" Rosemary quickly changed the subject. "I'll help him unload."

A truck piled with shabby furniture had just pulled into the side yard. Gildicken, for the first time, noticed the sign hanging from the gate-post, "C. Rambler, Cabinetmaker. Dealer in Antiques and Secondhand Furniture." The old farmhouse was an antique shop.

"This looks promising," thought Gill, who liked the flavor of old things. "I'll stay on a bit."

The play-acting young girl pleased him, too. She looked ordinary enough in her blue sweater, helping her grandfather unload his truck, but when she danced she had been beautiful.

The barn beside the house was used as a storehouse and workshop. They had just finished carrying the things in,

when a car stopped and a customer stepped out. He had not come to buy, but to have some work done.

This customer was manager of a theater. He was putting on a play about Henry the Eighth of England, and he needed a large cupboard for one of the scenes. He had heard that Rambler was a good workman and an authority on antiques, and he had brought a rough sketch for the cupboard, very tall and heavy, with closets above and below, and standing on four bulbous legs.

"I know the kind of thing," said Rambler, studying the sketch. "It's a type seldom found in this country."

"I should say never, outside of museums. These cupboards are rare—they date back to the Tudor period. You will have to fake the carving, but the rest will be simple."

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Rambler thoughtfully, "I've had the wreck of just such a cupboard in my loft for years. The farmer who sold it to me claimed it had come from England in the early days. He called it a pie-cupboard; said his grandmother baked thirty or forty pies at a time and stored them in it. It was in his cellar."

"In his cellar! I suppose you got it for a song?"

"It wasn't worth any more. The legs were gone and the back was rotten from dampness. I only took it because I thought I could sometime use the carved doors."

"It's the doors that are important," cried the manager. "Suppose we have a look at it."

MR. RAMBLER led the way up the steep stairs to the loft, where all the lumber and ruffraff he had collected in the course of years was stored. The manager followed, stooping to avoid the sloping beams, and Gildicken, nosy as usual, skipped after them. He was under old Rambler's elbow when he hauled out the remnants of the cupboard. A good part was missing and the rest falling to pieces, but the four quaintly carved doors and the framework were intact. Gildicken's eyes stuck out. He had seen that ancient clothespress before.

Long, long ago it had stood in the kitchen of a Devonshire farmhouse, and Gill chuckled when he thought what a goose he used to be. To-day he reveled in the roar of giant airliners, he scampered unconcernedly about subways and traffic tunnels, but then he had been panic-stricken at the rattling of a few pans!

Still those had been pleasant days. He had lived very comfortably in the thatched farmhouse until the day the farmer married and brought a mistress to the peaceful home. At once all the ease of the household was gone. The wife had been in service at the duke's castle and had thought herself much better than her neighbors in consequence. In addition to her haughty airs and sharp tongue, she also brought with her from the castle a quantity of finery, a velvet bodice and some bits of lace and ribbons, which she sported on high days and Sundays, to the distress of all the other farmers' wives. Some went so far as to hint that she had no right to such fine clothes, but had purloined them from the wardrobes of the grand castle ladies.

The farmer's wife might dress like a royal princess for all Gildicken cared. It was her niggardly ways that he resented. If a tart was missing from the pantry shelf, or a pat of butter, the whole house heard about it. She even begrudged the trifles that the maids laid out for the house-fairy at night.

One evening when Gildicken came, as usual, to enjoy his little snack, he found nothing on the hearth but a heap of potato skins fit only for pigs.

Gill was furious. "So," said he, "you treat me black, I'll treat you blacker!" And, in a tearing rage, he kicked the soot all down the chimney and blew it about the floor.



Next morning it was the woman's turn to be angry. "Never another bite or sup will that pesky goblin get in this house," said she, and from that time there was war between Gildicken and the farmer's wife.

He plagued her waking and sleeping until she could stand it no longer. She called her maids together and gave to each a milk pan and a metal spoon. She herself took a great copper kettle and the iron ladle. Then they all beat on the pans and raised such a fearful din that Gildicken took to his heels.

Across the stone floor, over stools and table, over the oaken chest and into a hamper of fresh bleached linen, he scampered; up again and away to the top of the tall clothespress in the darkest corner. Even there he found no peace, and at last, just as the farmer's wife had hoped, he sprang out and away by the open window.

Gildicken hated to look foolish, and when he recovered from his fright he vowed he would never go back to that kitchen. He never did, though he was tempted. He would have enjoyed the chagrin of the farmer's wife when she found out the last trick he had played on her. As he burrowed through the laundry hamper, he had caught up a little lace



WITH A QUICK, FEARFUL GLANCE OVER HER SHOULDER SHE DISAPPEARED INSIDE

coif, one that she had brought from the castle and prized highly. To spring to the top of the clothespress and push it down through a crack between the boards was the work of an instant, and Gill hugged himself when he thought how long the poor woman would hunt before she found her precious coif again. "And serve her right, too!" he said, as he set off to find a more hospitable kitchen.

GILDICKEN came back to the present just as the theater manager and old Mr. Rambler were clambering down the rickety stairs.

"You were right," the manager was saying, "that will fill the bill exactly."

"Yes," agreed Rambler, "and it will be no great job to turn new legs, and knock together a few boards for the back and sides, good enough for stage scenery."

"It must be solid," the manager insisted, "and the upper doors must open easily, for one of the characters has to hide in it and overhear a plot against the king. The whole action of the play hinges on that one brief episode."

"Hides inside!" exclaimed Rambler. "It is scarcely large enough."

"That will be all right," the manager explained. "It's a child, the king's daughter, Princess Elizabeth. It's a small part, but conspicuous. We are thinking of Elsie Winters for it. You have heard of her, of course."

"No," said Rambler, "I'm not much of a theater-goer."

The manager looked surprised. "I thought everyone had heard of Elsie Winters, the famous child actress."

Rosemary had been standing by. "I've seen her picture in the Sunday paper," she cried eagerly. "She's awfully pretty."

"Yes," said the manager. He glanced carelessly at Rosemary. "She is just about your height."

The next day Rambler set to work on the cupboard. He turned new legs, fitted boards to the back and sides, and stained them to match the old wood. He cleaned the carved front and scraped and polished, while Gildicken, lolling in a comfortable bed of shavings, dreamed of the Devon farm, of clotted cream and raspberry tarts, and his long-ago feud with the farmer's stingy wife. (Continued on page 46)

By
ELEANOR EDSON

*Executive of the National City Bank of
New York and Treasurer of Girl Scouts, Inc.*

Have you decided what job you will try for when you finish school? To-day many fields of work are open to women. This article tells you about opportunities in the banking business

WHEN Mother Goose, that wise and witty philosopher, wrote:
"The King is in the Counting House
"Counting out his money,
"The Queen is in the Parlor
"Eating bread and honey"

you may be sure that no girl ever dreamed of the time when she might rightfully penetrate the austere walls surrounding the money vaults, to take her place among the King's men who helped him count his money and keep it safe and in order.

No, indeed, she was busy helping Mother dip the candles, or learning to spin the yarn that she would later dye and weave into cloth for the family wardrobe. Even though she became as thrifty and capable a manager as her mother, she would be allowed to apply this knowledge only to her own household. For a girl to take part in a business venture was unheard of and unthinkable.

No longer; however, is a girl's activity limited to her own castle. Now she may choose her career from a long and varied list of professions. She may study the characteristics and trends of many industrial patterns and, after a careful appraisal of her own personality, fit herself into the chosen design, for women have long since broken through tradition and prejudice and blazed the trail to success in the arts, in science, in law, in industry.

It was in the arts that women first won a place for themselves. By the eighteenth century, they were equal with men in the art of acting; and in the nineteenth century, as writers, even though it was found expedient to masquerade under a man's name. It remained for the twentieth century to admit women to the professions of law and medicine, and, later still, to give them recognition in business.

The Queen is indeed in the Counting House. We have seen her there ourselves, both behind the counter and on the executive platform.

Each of us can recall the memorable trip to the bank when we opened our first savings account. A very pleasant lady

the Queen Counting

Illustrated by
**S. WENDELL
CAMPBELL**



YOU MAY BE SURE
NO GIRL DREAMED
OF THE TIME WHEN
SHE MIGHT RIGHT-
FULLY TAKE HER
PLACE AMONG THE
KING'S MEN WHO
HELPED HIM COUNT
HIS MONEY

helped me fill out my first signature card. She gave me an intriguing pamphlet with a picture of a gaily colored tree, the branches of which moved up and down in a remarkable fashion, showing, if I added something to my account each month, how much it would grow in ten or fifteen years. I well remember how proud I felt to have an account all my own. I thereupon determined to show that nice lady how fast I could make my tree grow and prosper. Now I realize how admirably fitted that woman was to have a job in a bank. She taught me that a bank was a safe and convenient place to put my money, that saving money was a splendid and exciting performance, that thrift could become a habit, developing self-confidence as well as bringing material reward.

To my limited vision, she satisfactorily explained banking. But to comprehend the far-reaching scope of the banking horizon, we must consider the fundamental principles under-

Banking is in the house

lying banking. What is the purpose of a bank? Why were banks created? A bank is the center for the accumulation and preservation of money, and for its redistribution into commerce and industry. The bank is in some way connected with every activity in any community. The banker must be interested in every problem in that community. If your father is building a new home, or a manufacturing plant, he will consult his bank. He may need a loan or a mortgage, or perhaps he



wants credit information concerning the men from whom he is buying the property. If a new schoolhouse, or an athletic field, is to be built, if new roads constructed, the banks in your town will undoubtedly be consulted as to ways and means of financing the project. If you are raising money for the community chest, or the hospital fund, you will probably invite a prominent banker to join your campaign committee. If Brother needs to borrow money for a new automobile, or to purchase furniture for his bride; if you wish to start now to save for your college education; if Mother wishes to find some sort of budget that will actually work in her particular case and not be too complicated to follow; if Sister, as treasurer, wishes to open another account for her pet charity; if your school teacher needs money to finance her long summer holiday; if Aunt Mary must have advice concerning her recent legacy—whom do each and all of you consult? Your bank. There is no part of your daily activity that is



WOMEN LONG SINCE
HAVE BROKEN
THROUGH TRADITION
AND PREJUDICE AND
BLAZED THE TRAIL TO
SUCCESS IN THE ARTS,
IN SCIENCE, IN LAW,
AND IN INDUSTRY

not in some way or other linked to banking.

Are young women by nature fitted to take part in this important profession? The Dean of a Western college, in an address to the Association of Bank Women, said, "Women have excelled in the areas of business which involve infinite detail and a certain kind of insight—in all types of occupations which involve human relationships." Such talents are particularly effective in the field of banking. The banker is expected to advise with judgment, foresight, understanding, not only the business men and women, but also those in the professions, the housewife, the thrifty saver, the wage earner, the widow whose income should be preserved, the orphan whose spending should be planned, the rich, the poor. The word that is indelibly engraved upon the consciousness of every banker today is "service."

But in addition to her desire to help and guide her fellow man, there are other qualifications which our prospective young woman banker must possess. Her equipment must include knowledge of the fundamentals of our economic and banking structure, and the laws which control it. She must have a clear understanding of the conditions in her community. She must be thoroughly versed in the banking practices of the institution which she serves; in other words, she must know her job, be well acquainted with the problems of her customers, and be equipped to advise wisely. What she is offering the public is not goods, not commodities, but service.

The young woman who intends to build her future in banking must also consider the obstacles she will meet. Although the woman banker is no longer a curiosity, or a pioneer, the fact that there are still comparatively few women executives in this profession is at once a challenge and an incentive to the alert, ambitious, intelligent young graduate who is not afraid of competition, but is aflame to seek new horizons along untrodden paths. She must remember that, until the Great War, banking and finance were considered a man's game, the prerogative of men. It was not the bankers who opposed women in the field, but it was a tradition in society that the financial world belonged only to men. Because economic conditions have changed, and because women have achieved outstanding financial success in other occupations, it became inevitable that women should find increasing opportunities in banking.

It is not my purpose or intention to compare the relative merits of men and women bankers, but to point out that women in banking, as well as in other professions, are a complement to men. A keen, well-informed woman who knows her job, who has a winning, attractive personality that gives an impression of confidence, is a boon to any bank, and may serve her institution and her customers with benefit to all concerned.

In 1937, a large New York institution advertised that forty per cent of the wills handled by its Trust Department were made by women. A recent survey of Women Investors in America, Inc., shows that women are beneficiaries of eighty per cent of the sixty-five million life insurance policies now outstanding, aggregating more than one hundred billion dollars; and that sixty-five per cent of the savings accounts, holding \$14,242,800,000, are in women's names. Women hold forty-eight per cent of the stock of all railroad corporations, forty-four per cent of all outstanding public utility securities, and title to forty per cent of all real estate. Eighty-

five per cent of the money spent in the United States is spent by women. How well do the women who have the dispensing of these enormous funds know how to handle such power? The woman banker is indispensable in helping to direct and educate them. It is no wonder, then, that women's departments have been developed in banks, that women trust officers were appointed, and that women became heads of service departments in savings banks and mortgage companies, and were given opportunities in every phase of banking to develop new business.

I quote from an article which appeared in the Harvard Business School Alumni Forum two years ago, written by a former president of the Association of Bank Women: "To-day there are 2,100 women bank executives employed in the banking institutions in the United States. Their titles are as varied as their duties. Several are bank directors, a few are bank presidents, a great many are cashiers, several assistant secretaries, office managers, and managers of special departments for women customers of the banks. Some do the same work, but have no titles at all. Yet, without exception, they are all executives, helping the men shoulder the burdens of the ever-increasing complexity of the financial structure of the country." The National Women's Committee of the American Institute of Banking estimated that in 1938 there were sixty thousand women in banks, and that of this number 3,500 held official positions.

Now let us consider what positions in banks are open to women. When I asked an important executive in my own institution, "What are the opportunities in the banking world for young women?" he instantly replied, "They are unlimited—for the right person." This brings us down to the personal equation. What is our formula for choosing the right person?

In all types of banks—and in general there are three, the Commercial Bank, the Savings Bank, and the Trust Company—there are two quite different types of people required. There is the person who meets Mr. and Mrs. Public, who explains to them the various services of the bank, who listens to their financial problems and suggests the ways in which the bank may meet their particular requirements.

Upon this employee the bank depends to make new friends for the institution and to satisfy the depositor of long standing. Between the bank and the community he creates a relationship of good will, the very life blood of the bank.

But the second type of banker has an entirely different kind of job. Though banker number two may never interview a customer, upon him also depends the success of the bank. This important group is responsible for the management and operation of the bank itself. Here we find financial genius, experts in the knowledge of banking practice and procedure, persons who have a capacity for attending to details with exactness and dispatch. Just as in any other busi-

ness organization, there are those who manage the business and those who present their products to the public.

Certain departments are common to all types of banks, such as Advertising, Auditing, General Bookkeeping, Paying and Receiving Tellers, Loans and Discounts, Foreign Exchange, Stenographic, Secretarial, Statistical, Financial Library, Mortgage or Real Estate, Personnel, and Communications or telephone department. In the savings banks there are special departments such as School Savings and Budget Service.

The president of a Savings Bank in greater New York says, "The Mutual Savings Banks offer many opportunities for which women are especially qualified. A great many customers of Savings Banks are women, many of whom prefer to discuss their problems with a woman employee. Such problems are not confined to savings, but include investments, insurance, budgets, income taxes, and so on. Our women employees have done a splendid service in this respect and have done a great deal towards building up the good will which Savings Banks enjoy to such a great degree."

The Trust Companies have several departments, such as the Investment, the Legal, the Real Estate and Mortgage—positions in all of which highly specialized and technical knowledge is required. Women have been particularly successful in developing Trust business because, with women who

can explain in simple terms the intricacies connected with this business, many customers feel freer to discuss their trust problems and suffer no embarrassment in discussing even the intimate personal problems which are often involved.

In the largest banking institutions, especially in the great financial centers where the three types of banking may be found in one organization, there are few if any women executives in the operating end. But throughout the country is employed a huge army of girls as secretaries, stenographers, bookkeepers, file clerks, and telephone operators. These departments are vital to the successful operation of any bank.

In the smaller banks, especially outside of the big cities, a woman may find that her position combines phases of various departments. She may work as a teller as well as develop new business, and, in addition, head a service department. The consequent versatility often leads to an office that may not be attained by the employee of a large city institution.

In a large bank, to be the secretary of an important executive means great responsibility, and in a smaller institution such a secretary may eventually become a junior officer. Women are particularly quick and accurate bookkeepers and most skillful in handling the intricate machines used in banking. In the statistical and advertising departments, women have become most accomplished in research work, in writing copy, and in promoting advertising campaigns for some new form of service. Creative ability and constructive performance in any department may lead to (Continued on page 50)

Story-Tellers

BY LEONA AMES HILL

Magic is in the words of story-tellers.

When we were little, at the close of day,

We clung to Mother's words, "Once, far away . . ."

Children who creep, big-eyed, from dusty cellars

With bowls of apples on a night when snow

Swirls 'round the eaves, know what enchantment dwells

In half-forgotten tales that Grandpa tells—

"Wild cattle . . . eagles . . . new lands . . . long ago . . ."

Boys, poring over books in attic rooms,

Discovering Conrad's "strong, salt, bitter sea,"

Know how the webs on story-tellers' looms

Can snare the mind, and, snaring, set it free

To roam in distant ports with spell-bound eyes,

Staring at wind-lashed ships and stormy skies.

THE STREAMLINED SPOOK

By
ELEANOR
HULL



Illustrated
by
RUTH
KING

HONEY ANN LOOKED UP WITH SCARED BROWN EYES. "I JUST CAN'T GO, SARA," SHE WHISPERED, CLUTCHING A DRAWER FROM THE CARD CATALOG IN BOTH HANDS. "HONEST, I'M SO SCARED I JUST COULDN'T"

"OH, LOOK! Yonder she goes!" cried Honey Ann, almost dropping her grocery bag. A red-headed young woman, wearing a baggy green sweater with an air of boyish comfort, skimmed down the walk ahead of them. "Look how light and sweet she walks along, like a bird!"

"Not only that—the gal know her lightyears," Louise said approvingly. "Mount Holly was lucky to get her for astronomy this year."

Sara hitched her bag under one arm and waved the other. "Hi! Miss Pepper!" she shouted.

Miss Pepper paused, like a humming bird, between smooth stretches of dormitory lawn and borders of brilliant chrysanthemums. She smiled back at the three girls—Sara, thin and brown, with larkspur-blue eyes and a bell of brown hair; Louise, with her fine-featured New England

face; Honey Ann, round and dimply-white and dark-eyed. "Hello!" Miss Pepper called back. "Sara Hemingway—Honey Ann Stuart—Louise Gilmore! There, did I get you all right?" She sauntered toward the little group.

"Letter-perfect," said Sara. "What's your system of numonics—or is it bubonics? But no, don't tell us how you remembered. That could be embarrassing. I was always scared to death that Dr. Entwistle would ask me how I remembered her name so easily. We're so glad you've come to Mount Holly, Miss Pepper, and we just can't wait to take astronomy."

"Fine," said Miss Pepper. "We'll have lots of fun together in the sky."

"I wish I could take it," said Louise, her thin cheek bones reddening. She looked reproachfully at Sara. "Sara, you know quite well I took astronomy last year from Dr. Kuhn."

"Oh, that's right, you were always getting mad about having to press your clothes after field trips," Sara agreed. "My! You'll be as jealous as a green dragon of Honey Ann and me."

Honey Ann's round little face was splotted with pink. "I can't take it, either," she murmured. "Though I'm longing to."

"Well, for climbing on a street car!" ejaculated Sara.

Miss Pepper didn't seem to notice the awkward pause. "You look as if you were getting ready for a siege," she commented.

"Not exactly," said Sara, hitching her paper bag higher.

Sara Hemingway, in another amusing college story, enlists a ghostly accomplice to help her persuade Honey Ann to study astronomy

"My cousin is coming to visit on Thursday, and she's quite sentimental in her ideas about college. We always have to have a picnic, or a feed, to satisfy her. She's a good sort, with a car and the right idea about presents."

Miss Pepper laughed. "Sentiment has its place," she said, and sped on.

"What's the matter with you two prunes?" Sara burst out when she had gone. "Blatting out like that, that you're sorry but you don't care to take her class!"

"The thing was entirely your fault, Sara," said Louise. "You knew perfectly well that I took astronomy last year."

"What of it?" asked Sara, with a fine disregard of logic. "Honey didn't. I thought Honey Ann admired Miss Pepper so much."

Honey Ann tightened her soft lips stubbornly. She didn't say a word until they'd climbed the dormitory stairway and dropped their burdens on Louise's bed. Then she faced them with an unusual expression of defiance.

"You-all are just going to make sport of me, I know—like whenever I tell you about things the colored people see—and that's why I never meant to tell you. But the truth is, I saw something once, too; and it was right over there in West Park where they always go for the astronomy field trips. And you can boil me in oil before I'll go over there again after dark."

"For climbing on a street car! You *saw* something?" Sara repeated incredulously.

"It was just last summer," Honey Ann said, breathing hard, "when Mother and Father and Timmie brought me up to school. We went on a picnic in West Park." Her voice fell. "They *all* saw it. It was a great white thing, sort of lighted up and flaming—oh, just horrible! I almost died, and they were afraid, too—though they tried to laugh it off afterward, and, of course, that ornery Timmie especially."

"Well, but what *was* it?" Sara persisted.

"My colored nurse, Chlorie, says she's heard tell of it many a time, and after you've seen it once you belong to it. Many's the man she's known led off into the swamp by it and never came back again, and children, too."

"But you don't believe that?" Louise asked.

"Not really, maybe," said Honey Ann uneasily. "But you can feel something without believing it, and, after all, the queerest things do happen, and we don't know everything!"

There was an odd little pause. A new atmosphere had come into the room, strange, throbbing, hot and cold at the same time. "Well," said Louise brusquely, "I certainly thought you'd got over all those dark superstitions by this time!"

Honey Ann sent her a cool glance, gave a courteous little nod, and went out.

"My word!" said Louise. "She was laughing, just the other day, at the way she used to feel about breaking a mirror."

"Superstitions are sort of like relatives," pondered Sara. "You can call them names, but you don't seem to be able to get rid of them; and if anybody else jumps on them, you have to defend them."

"I wish she *would* take astronomy," said Louise thoughtfully. "It's like Miss Parks used to say in psychology last year—she ought to sublimate her fears. If she got interested in the dark, she'd get over being scared of it."

"Why, that sounds actually intelligent!" cried Sara, sitting up straight. "I'm surprised I didn't think of it myself. I'll run up now and persuade her to sign up for astronomy this afternoon."

"Well, you can persuade butter out of a lemon if you get in the mood," said Louise dryly, "but she seemed remarkably sot."

The next morning, when the astronomy class met for its first lecture,



Honey Ann was there with Sara. Both looked rather tired; there was a lavender shadow under Honey Ann's eyes, a light of triumph in Sara's.

Miss Pepper looked up at the class from her desk, with a sparkle of delighted anticipation. "We'll get introduced to the key ideas of astronomy this morning," she said. "And to-night we'll go out to West Park and meet some of the sky people in person."

There was a stir of eager response through the class. Sara glanced at Honey Ann, who was twisting her fingers together.

Miss Pepper's astronomy class had packed the lecture room; and when the girls gathered for the field trip that evening, the chattering group almost filled the lower hall.

Two minutes before the deadline, Sara came plunging down the stairs, paused at the first landing and peered into the shifting crowd. She cupped her hands around her mouth.

"Honey Ann!" she shouted. "Honey Ann Stuart!"

Faces turned up to her blankly.

"Have any of you seen her?" Sara asked. "I can't find her anywhere."

More blankness. Then Betsy said, "Didn't she go into the library a while ago?"

Sara galloped down the stairs and into the library. She stood at the door and gazed at rows of demurely bent heads. There was no shining dark Honey-Ann head. Sara stalked in, looking down rows of shelves as she went, and peered over the card catalog. Scared brown eyes turned up to hers.

"I just can't go, Sara," Honey Ann whispered, clutching a drawer from the catalog with both hands. "Honest, I'm so scared I just couldn't. I may be crazy, but that's the way I am, and I can't help it."

Sara stared for a moment, then turned on her heel. She was in time to follow the end of the queue out the door and down across the dark campus.

"It's a perfect night!" Miss Pepper sang out from near the front of the line. "The moon gives just enough light to put out the smaller stars and leave the brightest stars and planets and the simplest constellations clear. We'll learn a lot to-night."

The moon was a lop-sided half moon that sent a sheen over the dewy grass, a glimmer along the road. And they did learn a lot. But the night was not a perfect one for Sara. She was angry and hurt and distressed at Honey Ann. Honey Ann, who had such good sense—she agreed with Sara about almost everything! Honey Ann, the most understanding friend Sara had ever had.

Honey Ann was lying perfectly still in bed when Sara came in softly and turned on the lamp. But she wasn't lying

in her usual curled-up, half-smothered position. Sara looked at the rigid mound suspiciously and opened her mouth to speak. Then she shut it again. What was there to say?

There seemed to be little to say the next morning, either. She felt stiff and uncomfortable, and wondered what they used to say—what silly, happy remarks there had been that had made getting ready for breakfast and classes so much fun.

"Aren't you coming to astronomy lecture?" she asked after breakfast, when they had made their beds in silence and the bell had rung.

"No," said Honey Ann. "I'm dropping astronomy."

Sara didn't see Honey again all morning. She and Louise came into Louise's room before lunch and sank down, two depressed huddles, on the bed.

"She's always been so sweet and reasonable," mourned Sara. "A hundred times more so than you or I, Lou."

"She's just being stubborn," said Louise, her fine mouth disapproving. "And just when your cousin's coming, too. It will ruin the evening."

"It isn't stubbornness," said Sara slowly. "She really can't help it. She's been conditioned. Remember in psychology how Miss Parks was always going on about that?"

"Do I!" assented Louise. "Somebody scares you with a snake when you're a child and that's why you're scared when you grow up. Where's Honey Ann keeping herself to-day, anyway?"

"My guess would be she's down in the trunk room writing a letter to Timmie," said Sara gloomily. "I don't know why she always writes to Timmie when she's low—he makes her life miserable when she's at home." She broke off, her blue gaze fastened on Louise. "Timmie," she said in measured tones, as if she were evolving some theory of importance, "is a practical joker."

"Not bad-looking, though," said Louise. "I wouldn't mind meeting him some day."

"I wouldn't mind swatting him one," said Sara viciously. "Let's see, he's a year younger than she is. That makes it logical."

"Logical?" repeated Louise.

"He must be smart to have made such a convincing spook," Sara went on. "I've never seen anybody more scared of anything than she is of—whatever it was she saw. I don't suppose she'd ever believe it if I told her, though."

"Believe what?" asked Louise with dangerous calmness. "You mean you think her brother dressed up in a sheet and scared her?"

"Of course," cried Sara. "What else could it have been? You don't think it was a ghost, do you?" She got up and strode across the room.

"I know what we'll do! We'll uncondition her!"

"How?" asked Louise. "In psychology you give a child a banana and show it the snake at the same time, and the next time it sees a snake it whoops with joy because it thinks of the banana."

"Exactly," said Sara. "We'll have a spook and unspook it. We'll get her over in the park, and dress up as near like this thing as we can, and then appear to her. (Continued on page 46)

"ISN'T THIS THE VERY NICEST TIME OF DAY?" CRIED SARA, LYING ON HER BACK AND WAVING A SANDWICH AT A STAR





TIPS for the HOLIDAY

*With Thanksgiving and Christmas
dinners just around the corner—
the time has come to talk turkey!*

HAVE you ever stopped to consider how closely this question of poultry has become associated with the red-letter days of our American way of living? Creamed chicken for special parties—fried chicken for the Fourth of July and picnics and summer company—chicken pies for church suppers! And just think of the dent in our holiday spirit if the traditional turkey—or goose—didn't appear in state at Thanksgiving or Christmas dinners.

It may be, this year, that you're ready to say, "Please may I do the turkey?" Or, if that seems too large an order, you may want to help select it, or try making the dressing and watch Mother do the rest—that is, all but the eating! But do plan to make at least some part of its preparation all your own, for I know of no greater thrill for a cook of any age than when her first turkey—done to perfection—is carried to the table amid an admiring chorus of "ohs" and "ahs."

So that all this may really happen to you this year, let's go over a few simple rules, step by step, and see how easy it all is.

Buying the turkey is step number one, of course. You'll want a young turkey, so look for black feet and a smooth, soft skin without bruises or blotches. The legs should be short, and the breast bone easily moved from side to side. The breast and thighs should be plump and there should be plenty of fat. An old bird will have a coarse skin, long hairs, and gray feet. A chicken or turkey with long legs and a long bony body is pretty sure to be tough.

A general rule is to allow about one pound of turkey, as purchased, for each person to be served, and then of course you'll want an extra pound for turkey hash. A ten or twelve pound turkey is a good buy for a family of eight.

Have the butcher draw the bird for you. If you ask him, he will pull out the leg tendons, and remove the crop and windpipe from the *back* of the neck, rather than from the front, so the skin over the breast bone will be unbroken.

When you are ready to prepare the turkey at home, singe off the hairs (hold the bird over an open flame), and pick out the pin feathers with a sharp knife or a strawberry huller. Then wash it thoroughly by letting cold water run through it, and wipe it dry inside and outside. Rub salt on the inside, one-fourth teaspoon for each pound of bird.

If you buy the quick frozen turkeys, ducks, or chickens that can be found now in many markets, you will get birds that are selected for quality and are completely dressed and fully drawn, with the pin feathers removed and the giblets wrapped separately and placed inside the body of the bird. These are solidly frozen and must be thawed before stuffing.

Every family probably has its own favorite poultry stuffing, and it wouldn't be Christmas unless it were used. Ask Mother's advice on that question. Here's an easy recipe you can use as a foundation for a number of stuffings. You will

need about a cup of dressing for each pound of bird, and it's better to have too much than not enough.

Plain Bread Stuffing (For a 12 or 14 pound turkey)

1½ pound loaf of bread, stale	1 teaspoon salt
¼ to ½ pound butter	¼ teaspoon pepper
	¼ cup diced onion

Remove crusts and cut bread into 1-inch cubes. Place in large mixing bowl and cut butter into small bits. Toss all ingredients together with two forks or with the hands.

Dressing Variations

Celery: Add 2 cups finely diced celery

Nut: Add 2 cups broken nut meats

Mushroom: Add ¼ to ½ pound mushrooms, chopped and cooked 5 minutes in 2 tablespoons of butter

Oyster: Add 1 pint drained oysters, whole or chopped

Onion: Increase chopped onion to 1 to 2 cups. These may be browned in some of the butter, if desired.

Sausage: Add ½ to 1 pound sausage meat, broken into small chunks and browned lightly in some of the butter.

Plan to stuff the bird at least a day ahead of time so that the flavor of the dressing may be absorbed. If, after stuffing and closing, you find you've made a little too much, the extra dressing may be baked in the pan with the turkey, or lightly packed into a casserole and baked separately.

For roasting the bird, you should take into account the following points:

1. Weigh the stuffed bird so that the cooking time may be accurately calculated. For a small turkey (6 to 10 lbs.) allow 20 to 25 minutes per pound; a medium-size bird (10 to 16 lbs.) 18 to 20 minutes per pound, while a large bird (18 to 25 lbs.) needs only 15 to 18 minutes per pound.

2. Place on a rack in an uncovered pan. Brush all of the skin thoroughly with melted fat or oil. A cloth moistened with fat wrapped around each drumstick will keep them from drying out and getting too brown. Turn bird on its breast.

3. Place in moderate oven (300° F.). Cook, uncovered, with breast down for about ½ the total cooking time.

4. Turn breast-side up for remainder of cooking time. Baste frequently with extra fat from bottom of pan.

While the turkey roasts, simmer the neck and giblets in water until tender. Strain the stock and cut giblets into small pieces. Pour off the fat in the roasting pan. Measure 4 tablespoons fat and return to pan. Add 3 tablespoons flour and mix well; then cook gently for 1 minute to brown the flour. Add 2 cups hot stock, or stock and water, stirring constantly, and continue cooking until thickened. Add extra seasonings if you wish, and the giblets. This makes 2 cups of gravy. Multiply the recipe as needed.

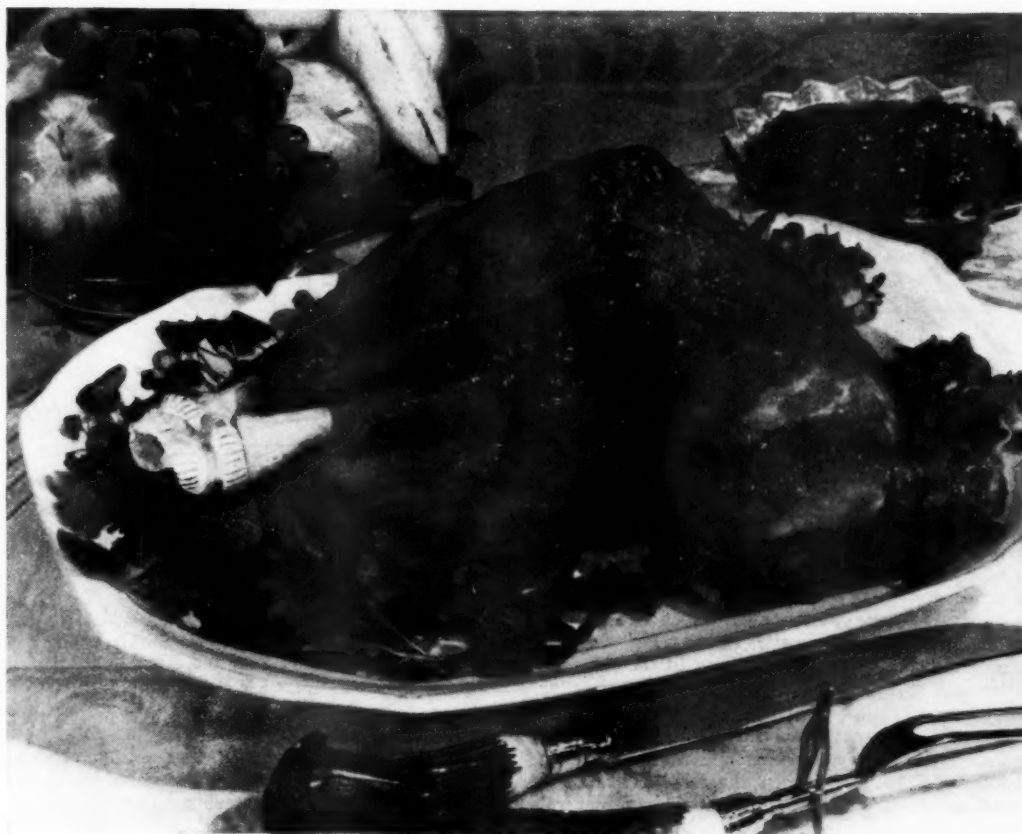
Then the turkey is done—and my space is like the Christ-

TURKEY

By



JANE CARTER



A BIRD TO BE PROUD OF, RESPLENDENT ON ITS PLATTER WREATHED WITH WATER CRESS

mas dinner, with almost no room for anything else. But there is always the question of leftovers, so I'm giving you two good recipes to take care of that.

Turkey Roulettes (Crust)

2 cups sifted flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
¾ cup milk (about)

¾ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons shortening

Sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Cut in shortening until mixture is like coarse corn meal. Add milk gradually, stirring until soft dough is formed. Turn out onto lightly floured board; roll $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick and cut into 3-inch squares.

Filling

1 cup ground cooked turkey
1/2 teaspoon salt

Dash of pepper
2 tablespoons milk

Mix together well; spread evenly on squares of dough. Roll up each square like a jelly roll. Place, seam-side down, in a greased shallow baking dish. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) about 20 minutes. Serve with hot turkey gravy, or a well seasoned white sauce. Serves 6 (2 per person).

Turkey Timbales

3/4 cup milk
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 tablespoon melted butter

1/4 cup soft bread crumbs
1 1/2 cups ground cooked turkey
Dash of paprika

Scald the milk and stir slowly into eggs. Add butter, crumbs, and turkey. Turn into well greased custard cups. Set cups in shallow pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes, or until a knife inserted into the timbale comes out clean. Turn the timbales out on a platter and serve with a tomato sauce. Serves 6.



MOLLY WATCHED THE WAGON, PUFFS OF DUST AT ITS WHEELS

"WHERE SHALL I HIDE?"

By NEOLA TRACY LANE

THE gray light of dawn was stretching nimble fingers across the Nebraska prairies. Fifteen minutes earlier the skies had held paling stars, and the land was smudged with shadows. Now only one star remained in the colorless west and the prairie showed waves of bending grass, yellow and dried, stirring in the ever-blowing wind.

This October morning Molly Blake stood in the doorway of the sod house. A shawl lay loosely about her shoulders for the morning air was crisp. Before her the cornfield spread away to the west. The scattered cornstalks stood bent or broken, and mournful music came through them with each shift of the breeze. Halfway down the field a scarecrow leaned against a slanting pole. Ragged sleeves flapped cheerfully, and the old hat lifted and fell with the wind.

In the stillness there was the creak of wagon wheels and the *cloppety-clop* of the mules' feet. Molly could see the wagon bouncing along. A cloud of dust followed it like a beggarly hound at heel. The wagon crept away down the slope which lead to the bottom road. Molly's mother turned now and then to look back, waving a hand gaily. Once her father waved his whip.

"Good luck!" Molly called as if they could hear her.

The back of the wagon tipped up as it turned a curve. The mules were disappearing, now the wagon. The faint sound of wheels in ruts still came back to her.

She waited until there was no sound but the wind in the grasses, then she stepped back into the house. She shivered under the shawl, and pushed it back so that she might bend down to the hay box. With quick fingers she twisted some of the dry slough hay and stuffed it into the front of the stove. The hay caught from an ember, flamed into life, hissing and crackling pleasantly.

Molly stuffed in more hay and held her fingers to warm above the blaze. Later she would bake cornbread full of crisp, tasty cracklings. She would churn, too, plumping the

wooden dash up and down in a big white jar, now that the churn was broken. From the open jar flecks of cream would splatter on her apron as the dash went in and out.

Perhaps Peter and Elizabeth would come to-day. Peter and Elizabeth Saunders were Molly's best friends, but they lived several miles distant. Mrs. Carter, another neighbor, had brought word that Peter and Elizabeth might make her a visit this week. If they did come, Molly would cook molasses. There was no snow in which to cool it, but, now that the well was full, the candy could be cooled in the water. She would just cook the molasses past the "hairing" stage.

The stove began to throw out heat so Molly put on the big kettle full of beans. She twisted more hay, stuffed it into the front of the stove, and added a handful of corn cobs.

The milk bucket stood upside down on a bench by the door. Molly picked it up and went outside. Thin mists of pink were staining the Indian summer sky, seeming to bring it closer to the rim of the earth. She stood a moment, looking at the cornfield. The scarecrow seemed to be waving at her.

But Molly was not looking at the scarecrow. She was looking at the field, realizing what it meant to them. Three years now her father had planted corn. The first year, 1859, the corn had died under the hot blasts before the kernels had formed in the ears; the next year the corn had shown promise, but a June hailstorm had stripped the stalks, leaving them short and frayed, like cloth dragged on the ground; but this year the rain had come in time, the hail had gone to the north and south of them. This year the corn had grown from pale green shoots to tall sturdy stalks. The ears had filled with juicy kernels. The kernels had reached maturity and the corn had sold at top prices.

Molly smiled. The hard times of the previous winters were gone. No more mush without molasses. No more beans without saltside. New dresses. New shoes. Above all, renewed courage and optimism to face the year ahead.

On the lamp shelf, in the silver mug, was the crop money, money to tide them over comfortably until another crop. Next week Mother and Father and Molly would make the long trip to the settlement to buy supplies. Molly had counted the days on her fingers until now only six remained. There would be new calico, shining shoes, white flour. This meant vinegar pies, gingerbread, cakes.

To-day Molly's mother and father had gone to see the Beasleys. Father had promised Mr. Beasley one of the spring calves, and now he must deliver it before the cold weather came on.

Molly might have gone along if she had wished, but she was afraid she might miss Peter and Elizabeth. During the months of last year's drought she had seen them often. She had had to make almost daily trips for water. But now that the well was full and the corn a good crop, she was seldom able to visit the Saunders family. Her Father had needed the mules for the harvest, and Molly herself had been busy helping strip the ears from the stalks.

She took the milking stool from the bench by the side of the house and went to the place where Susie, the cow, was tethered. She slipped the bucket under Susie and sat down on the stool.

Overhead wild geese and ducks were flying south, honking imperiously. She watched the dark bodies against the soft sky. How close they looked!

When the last insistent *bonk-bonk* of the fowls had melted into the stillness, the bucket was full of foamy milk. Molly stripped the Jersey's udders with swift, experienced fingers.

As she came back to the house she looked across the prairie. The grass lay crushed in the ruts of the little-used road, and the wind billowed the grasses. No one was in sight. There was not even a slinking coyote on the far horizon, nor a rabbit leaping across the hummocks of drying grass. There was only the wind and the song it made. Molly loved that song and often listened to it in the stillness of night.

She went inside and strained the milk. Afterwards she plumped up the featherbeds and smoothed the quilts over them. She scoured the table with ashes and set it in the doorway to bleach in the sunshine. She polished the lamp chimney and set it back on the shelf. She took fresh candles from the molds and put them into candlesticks.

It was mid-morning when she finished her tasks and took her patchwork out to the bench at the side of the house. Another flock of geese was flying south. Down by the barn a mother hen clucked to her chicks. The day was warmer and the wind was rising, making a song not only on the prairie which lay to the east of the house, but in the cornstalks on the west.

Suddenly into the stillness came a new sound. Molly sat forward and listened. Was it? Yes, it must be. Hoofbeats,

faint, sliding away into the sighing of the restless wind.

She put down her work and stood up, shading her eyes to search the hazy landscape for riders. It might be Peter and Elizabeth.

But there was only one rider, a brown spot moving swiftly. Now the horse disappeared for a time behind brown rolling hills. Up again. A brown horse with a white face. Peter's horse.

Molly turned back to the shaded doorway to watch. Why was Peter riding so hard? The mare, Jennie, was forced to a gallop up the sloping hillside. Again Peter and Jennie dropped out of sight. Hoofbeats were muffled thuds, head and shoulders of the mare rose gradually, then she leaped down the rutted trail toward the house.

Peter pulled Jennie to a stop. The mare's shoulders were lathered and her lips were flecked with foam.

"Renegades!" The dreaded word burst from Peter's lips. "Moving down the valley. Hit Jasons and Proudfts. Burned out the Emersons. Took Jim Ekert's matched Morgans."

Molly felt the blood leaving her face. *Renegades*. Looking for the crop money, of course. "Who brought the word?"

"Billy Cameron. Nearly rode his horse to death."

She put a hand to her throat, feeling the painful swelling of muscles. Yes, that's what they were after. Everybody had crop money now.

"I'll get a fresh horse at Burtens'," Peter was saying. "Tell your father to load his gun." He kicked his heels into Jennie's flanks. "Good-by, Molly!" he shouted.

Tell your father to load his gun! The words echoed in Molly's ears as she watched Peter gallop away down the trail her father and mother had taken that morning. If only she had told Peter she was alone—but she had been too stunned to think. Still, he must hurry on to warn the other settlers. Jennie, carrying double, would not have taken them very far or very fast.

She stood while Peter galloped out of sight. Her knees and arms felt weak, useless. But her mind was moving fast.

Renegades. The crop money. And here she was alone!

She had never seen one of those ruthless men who tortured and robbed the settlers, but tales of them were fresh in her mind. Money taken. Always money. They knew you had it—and, before they were through with you, you were glad to tell where you had hidden it.

You told! So you must not be where you *could* tell!

Molly turned and ran into the house. She reached up to the lamp shelf and lifted down the silver mug. Her hands shook as she took out

A new Molly Blake story in which the heroine has to think quickly to outwit a band of marauders

Illustrated by ALICE CADDY



IN THE FIELD A SCARECROW LEANED AGAINST A POLE

the money. Rolling it in a small wad, she wrapped it in a handkerchief, put the handkerchief in the front of her dress, and buttoned her bodice tightly across it. Now for a place to hide!

She looked wildly about the house, with its chest and beds and tables and chairs. There seemed no place at all, no place big enough to hide a girl. The table was too narrow, the chairs too scant—and anyone would look under the bed first thing! The roof, too, was flat, and the cave was small.

She hurried out of the house, glancing fearfully at the slopes of dry grass which stretched to the horizon in every direction. She stopped a moment to listen for the sound of hoofbeats in the still air. But no sound came to her except the sound of the wind in the grasses.

As she ran to the barn, whose sod sides stood squarely, its sagging, grassy roof absorbing the morning sunshine, the chickens scattered, flapping their wings and cackling. One rooster crowed rebelliously, then ducked and ran as she came near.

Inside the barn Molly could see little at first in the dim light. In one corner stood the plow, its bright share making a silver glint in the dusk. Above it, on a peg driven into the sod, was a harness. Straps and ropes hung from another peg. A flour barrel stood in another corner, but it held grains of corn, seed corn for next year's planting.

The dirt floor of the barn had been scraped clean with a pitchfork. A canvas lay on a small bench. The canvas would cover her, she thought, but it could be kicked aside with one sweep of a man's boot toe. There was no refuge here.

She went to the door and searched the horizon for horses and riders, sharpening her ears for the sound of hoofs. But there was only the crackling of dry cornstalks, the swift flight of southbound geese honking stridently.

Oh, why couldn't she think of something to do? Somewhere to go? Why did she have to stand here with her heart bursting with panic, while across the prairie unscrupulous men moved swiftly toward her home, men who would take all her mother and father had struggled for, these hard years.



PRECARIOUSLY PERCHED ON TOP OF THE ROOF, WHICH SAGGED WITH ITS WEIGHT OF WILD HAY, MOLLY USED THE OLD CLOTHES-LINE PROP TO TUMBLE THE CHAIR AWAY FROM THE WALL OF THE BARN

She looked up at the flat roof of the barn, sagging under its weight of wild hay, held down with barrel hoops. The roof was not strong, she knew, but it might hold her weight. The very fact that it sagged would offer her more concealment.

She ran around to the back of the barn. Here was an old barrel with loosened staves. She tipped it on end and tried to stand on it. But the barrel gave way and rolled over. Molly's eyes searched the yard swiftly for something else.

Apparently there was nothing. A wagon wheel. A watering trough. A broken neck yoke. A pile of corn cobs. The low chicken coop and the grindstone. This was all her quick glance found.

SHE could bring a chair from the house to help her climb to the roof, but the chair standing by the barn would tell the tale. If only she could think of some way to get rid of it after she had climbed up! Again she scanned the yard. Why, of course. The clothesline prop!

She dashed to the house and brought out the strongest chair with the highest back. Yanking the pole from under the clothesline, she dragged it to the back of the barn, placed the chair against the sod wall, and climbed up on it. She thrust the prop up on the roof and climbed up beside it.

With her feet tucked under her, she used the prop to tumble the chair away from the barn. A second prod and it rolled several feet away. Now it was out of reach of the prop, over near the wagon wheels and the neck yoke. It looked as if it might have been discarded for some reason or other. With a quick movement she flung the prop away. It zipped through the air, bounded twice, and settled upon a pile of corn cobs.

Molly wriggled toward the center of the roof. The settlers used hay piled on poles for roofs because of the lack of wood on the prairies. It was several days' journey to the nearest forest, but wild hay grew abundantly in the sloughs. Molly felt deeply grateful for this hay roof that offered her a hiding place.

As she crawled along, she saw them. Atop a rise against the blue sky. Four, five—no, six horsemen!

With a little cry she began to burrow into the dry hay. The poles creaked, the fine hay threw off dust which made Molly cough and choke. She put an arm over her nose to keep out the dry powder.

Creak. Snap! The poles were breaking. She clutched at the hay, tried to get a foothold, a handhold.

But nothing held. Hay and poles fell with her. She landed on the floor in a heap, the breath shaken out of her.

Wildly she got to her feet and ran to the door. Now she could see the horsemen plainly. They were coming straight toward the house. In a few minutes they would dip downhill and be hidden from view for a minute or so.

But where was she to go? She glanced desperately at the hencoop wishing she were small enough to hide in it, at the cornfield with its stalks too bent and scattered to offer any shelter.

She might run for it, she thought, but she knew she could never hope to get away.

Suddenly her eyes grew round. Already the horsemen were dipping into the last valley before coming out on the trail that led right to the door of her home.

With swift hands Molly tore off her petticoats. Her dress was old, and she ripped the skirt from the bodice with jagged jerks. She flung the skirts on the ground, and the wind caught them and rolled them toward the house. Then, in her pantalets, she ran down the corn rows toward the scarecrow.

With shaking hands she tore the hat from the scarecrow's head and slapped (Continued on page 49)

WINTER COTTAGE

Faced by the threat of Pop's illness, Minty goes in search of aid, but the help she brings home is a surprise to them all

By
CAROL RYRIE BRINK

Illustrated by
FRITZ EICHENBERG

PART THREE

THE next day Pop was much worse. He tossed and groaned and seemed to have no appetite for the food which Minty prepared. This wasn't like Pop, and the two girls looked at each other with frightened eyes.

"Just a cold," said Pop. "Don't you worry, I'll be up to-morrow." But late in the afternoon he grew worse, and began quoting poetry and discussing the price of vegetables in a queer voice to no one in particular. And then he said, "Come, Mabel, I'll help you with the dishes and we'll take the kids to the movies."

"He's gone clean out of his head, Minty," said Eggs in a frightened whisper. "He thinks he's talking to Mother."

"Somebody's got to go for Mrs. Gustafson," said Minty. "Put on your things, Eggs."

"Oh, Minty, I'm scared to go alone. I'll stay with Pop and you go."

"All right. But you must keep him covered and keep the fire up."

Minty flung on her wraps and ran out of doors. The storm of the day and night before was over, and everything lay gray and silent under a heavy sky. The trees dripped, and wet leaves were deep and rustling underfoot.

All Minty could think of was getting Mrs. Gustafson to help her with Pop. The Gustafsons would be angry with them for staying in a cottage that didn't belong to them. Perhaps they would write to the Vincents and tell them. But it couldn't be helped. Pop was sick and Minty didn't know what to do. Mrs. Gustafson would know.

Minty ran until she was out of breath; then she walked quickly, her hand pressed to her aching side. Poor Pop! It was awful to hear him mixing up poetry and groceries in that senseless way, and talking to Mother as if she were still here.

At last there was the tinkle of cowbells and the lightness of open sky and pasture land. Just across the fields was the barn and the little white house.

When she reached the back porch, Minty clung to the post for a moment to catch her breath. She hadn't thought what she would say. It had seemed as if Mrs. Gustafson would understand without having to be told. As she stood there, panting, she heard running feet in the kitchen and a burst of laughter. Then some one began to sing in a language which



MINTY CRIED OUT DESPERATELY, "OH, STOP!"

The Story So Far

Minty Sparkes, fifteen, her younger sister, Eglantine—called "Eggs" for short—their father, "Pop," a cheerful business failure, and Buster, the dog, set out from Chicago for Minneapolis in their rickety car with a small trailer in tow. This is loaded with groceries, all that remains from Pop's latest unsuccessful venture, running a grocery store. In Minneapolis, they expect to live with their Aunt Amy—who makes it plain she doesn't want them, having no patience with their happy-go-lucky ways and Pop's fondness for poetry.

In northern Wisconsin, the car breaks down near a forest-girdled lake where they discover a stanchly built cottage, now closed for the winter. In spite of Minty's misgivings, the family take shelter there from a storm, spending the night in the cottage. Pop bakes a fine supper of his special pancakes, the one accomplishment of which he can be proud. Minty is thrilled to discover a room which evidently belongs to a young girl. The name "Marcia Vincent" is written on some letters tucked into the mirror frame.

When the Sparkes family find that, even with the help of the Gustafsons, a neighboring Swedish family, they cannot get the car going, Pop decides (without consulting the owners) to rent the house for the winter. How he is to get money for the rent worries nobody but Minty. Eggs solves the question by finding a "contest magazine" which lists prizes given for slogans, limericks, etc., to advertise various products. She and Pop decide to try for the prizes—and in their eyes the rent money is as good as earned. Everyone is happy—until Pop comes down with a heavy cold.

she did not understand, and there were more shouts of laughter.

"Oh, they are having a party!" thought Minty in despair. But still she went up to the door and knocked. A small boy flung it wide, and inside Minty saw a girl kneeling down to test a cake in the open oven. A little girl was laying the table and several small boys of assorted sizes were having a good-natured rough-and-tumble fight on a lounge in the corner. The lamp was already lighted, and it was a gay and cheerful scene.

The moment the door opened, the children all stopped what they were doing and gazed at Minty in silence with wondering blue eyes.

"Oh, please," cried Minty desperately, "is your mother at home?"

The largest girl closed the oven door and came to look at Minty, with her hands on her hips, her eyes as blue and wondering as the children's.

"You still here?" she said. "I t'ought you had gone."

"No," said Minty. "I want to see your mother."

"Mom isn't here," said the girl. "She's gone by her sister's up to Superior for a week. Her sister's sick."

"Oh," said Minty.

"Mom is an awful good hand with sick people. But we sure miss her here. I got my hands full, I tell you." The girl's face suddenly crinkled into a smile and she indicated the roomful of motionless children, all ready to leap into action again when the stranger should close the door.

"Oh," said Minty again.

"You want somet'ing?" the girl asked.

"No," said Minty. Blind with disappointment, she turned and ran back the way she had come. The dark woods had closed in over her again before her mind cleared enough to think, "I might have asked the girl for help. Maybe she would have known what to do for Pop. But she said her hands were full. Oh, what shall I do?"

Some one, a boy, was coming along the road ahead of her, and Minty dashed the tears out of her eyes and squared her shoulders. Misty twilight was already gathering in the woods and she couldn't see who it was, but he looked about the size

of Pete Gustafson. Minty's heart leaped. Pete had put the car together, perhaps he could help with Pop. But as the boy came nearer, she saw that he was smaller than Pete and more sturdily built. He had a gun on his arm and a couple of partridges were tied by their necks to the belt of his mackinaw. His high boots were caked with mud and he had a packsack on his back. His cap was pulled well down over his eyes. He drew to one side of the narrow road as she came along and would have pushed by her hurriedly, but Minty cried desperately, "Oh, stop!"

"I don't have to," said the boy in a gruff voice, without either looking at her or slowing his pace.

"Oh yes, you do, too!" cried Minty, catching his arm.

"Why? Are these your woods?" At last the boy had stopped and was looking at her. His face was sullen and defiant.

"Yes," said Minty desperately, "they are our woods."

"Well, take your old partridges then! I can do without them!" With a fierce wrench, he broke the string that fastened the partridges to his belt and held them out to her.

"But I don't want partridges," gasped Minty.

"Go on. Tell the game warden, if you want to. It can't hurt me. I'll be out of the country by morning."

OH, LISTEN!" begged Minty. "I don't know anything about partridges, or game wardens. My pop's sick, and we haven't any medicines or anything, and Eggs and I are all alone, and I don't know what to do. Do you know anything about doctoring?"

"What if I do?" the boy asked defensively.

He looked at her in silence for a moment, then gradually his face changed as if a fixed idea were giving way to something new and unexpected. His look of surly defiance changed to one of mild surprise, though he was still suspicious.

"How do I know your pop's sick?"

"Well, you can come and see. I'm not lying to you—except when I said we owned these woods. I just said that to get you to stop. We don't own anything." The boy still stood in the road and looked at her, the dead partridges hanging from his outstretched hand.

"Oh, you are dumb!" cried Minty, with something like a sob. "I guess you can't help me, either. We're out of luck,



MINTY HELD THE LIGHT FOR JOE, AND EGGS STOOD BY IN CONSIDERABLE AWE AS THE BOY COUNTED POP'S PULSE

as usual. Take your old partridges and get out of the country by morning if you want to."

"I'm not so dumb as you think. What's the matter with your pop?"

"Why, he caught a cold, and now he's terribly feverish, and he's gone clean out of his head and talking nonsense."

"Where do you live?"

"Just back in the woods a bit. Will you come?"

"Yes, I'll come."

"Oh, thanks! I'll show you the way. My name's Minty Sparkes. What's yours?"

The look of suspicion returned to the boy's eyes. "You got a radio?"

"No."

"How long you been here?"

"About two weeks. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I'll tell you my name. It's Joe Boles."

In the lamplight of the cottage Joe Boles appeared to be about sixteen, sturdily built, with a square, determined chin, a sullen lower lip, and clear gray eyes set wide apart. As soon as he entered the cottage, Minty felt that he had taken charge. He tossed the partridges onto the table.

"You can cook those things if you've a mind to," he said. Then he eased the packsack off his back, placed it on a chair, and opened it with a business-like air. "I'd like some hot water in a basin, please, and some soap and a clean towel."

Minty flew to obey, while Eggs stood by in open-mouthed astonishment. Presently Eggs ran to the kitchen, where Minty was assembling the hot water, soap, and towel. "Is he a real doctor, Minty?" she whispered.

"No, he's just a boy I met on the road. Mrs. Gustafson was away."

"But he's got a real doctor's case. He took it out of his knapsack."

Minty came to the living room door to look. Sure enough, beside the partridges and the gun, Joe Boles had laid out a well-worn leather medical kit such as country doctors carry on their rounds. He opened it with a professional manner, and Minty saw rows of tiny bottles, a few tools, and a stethoscope.

"How about that hot water, Miss Sparkes?"

"Coming right away," said Minty.

Joe washed his hands with the greatest care. If the truth be told, they needed it sorely, but Joe worked at them until they were as clean as a doctor's. Then he took his medical kit and went into Pop's room. Minty held the light for him, and Eggs stood by in considerable awe. Pop was lying a little more quietly now, but he still mumbled snatches of Wordsworth and Browning, mingled with the price of celery and the number of boxes of cereal to be stocked.

Joe sterilized a thermometer in a small bottle of alcohol, rinsed it in water, shook it down, and put it into Pop's mouth.

He drew out a cheap watch with a noisy tick and carefully took Pop's pulse. Then he put the ends of the stethoscope into his ears and went over Pop's chest.

"Mm-hm," he said at last, straightening himself and taking the stethoscope out of his ears. He consulted the labels on two or three of the small bottles in his case. Was he undecided? Minty couldn't be sure whether he was undecided, or just being important. At last he shook out two small white tablets in his hand, and made Pop take them with a drink of water. Then he turned to Minty.

"Have you any onions?"

"Oh, yes, we have onions."

"Do you know how to make an onion poultice?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Well, here, get me the onions and I'll make you one."

In about fifteen minutes, Joe had a most unholy-smelling mess of half-cooked onions spread between old pieces of torn sheet, and laid hot on Pop's chest. Pop opened his eyes with a glimmer of consciousness.

"My golly!" he said in a weak voice. "It ought to kill or cure."

"I know it smells pretty strong, sir," said Joe, "but it'll fix you right up. Try to go to sleep now. And you, Minty, open up his window so he gets some air."

"Do you really think he'll be all right now?" asked Minty, when they were in the living room again.

"I've done the best I could," said Joe. "I guess he will."

"It was awfully kind of you. I don't know how to thank you."

"I've got (Continued on page 33)



GIRL SCOUTS have a W



OMAHA MARINERS STUDIED LINE, BALANCE, AND COMPOSITION IN CELEBRATED PAINTINGS, THEN APPLIED NEW-GAINED KNOWLEDGE TO PHOTOGRAPHY. HERE IS ONE STUNNING RESULT

AT RIGHT: IN THE HAMMOCK ARE FOUR MEMBERS OF THE MARINER SHIP "PRAIRIE SCHOONER," WHO SEEM TO ENJOY BEING SUBJECTS FOR AN INFORMAL PICTURE



THE WHITE AREAS OF THE SAIL AND THE HULL OF THE BOAT LEND INTEREST TO THIS COMPOSITION, AS DO THE REFLECTIONS IN THE WATER

Omaha, Nebraska Mariners for the was in developing, printing, The photographs on these pages



BRAVO, O.M.S. PRAIRIE SCHOONER!

OMAHA, NEBRASKA: Two years ago a few of us, interested in photography, organized a group to learn the fundamentals of that art. Enlisting Skipper's aid and using the badge requirements in *Girl Scout Program Activities* as a guide, we started at the bottom to study landscape and figure composition.

Our first land cruise in the new project was to the Joslyn Memorial where we spent two delightful hours observing line, balance, and point of interest in celebrated paintings and etchings. Later we used this knowledge in a critical estimate of an exhibition of photographs sponsored by the Camera Club. By this time we were beginning to appreciate some of the rules of good design.

"Too much junk in each picture," Yeoman exclaimed ruefully, looking over the log with a critical eye.

"Hundreds of snaps in our albums—and not one we could enter in a contest," agreed Bos'n.

"Think of the miles of film wasted on every beauty spot in the country! I wish our Ship

ABOVE LEFT: HORIZONTAL LINES OPPOSED TO VERTICAL LINES, IN THE PLANKS OF THE DOCK AND IN FIGURES AND BOATS, MAKE AN UNUSUAL SHOT

RIGHT: A CANDID SHOT OF SWABBING THE DECK WHICH PLEASURES WITH ITS SENSE OF RHYTHM AND PROPORTION



a WAY with a CAMERA

ers for that half the joy in photography
ing, enlarging their own pictures.
e page some examples of their work

had some of that money," wailed Purser.

At a shore dinner, we planned marine landscapes by looking through twig frames, and learned the knack of seeing a "good shot" without the use of a camera finder.

Both Bos'n's made pin-hole cameras from makeup kits given the Ship by a local store, and with these we learned the mechanics of picture-taking. Mariners without cameras "chipped in" on the films and took turns using the "black boxes." Circumpolar constellations were favorite subjects with these simple outfits.

Suggestions of improvement made at Watch meetings so encouraged several Mariners that they bought cameras with their own money. A pleasant rivalry sprang up when we awarded small prizes to the "bests" in each group—seascapes, pets, persons, etc.

After learning to take photographs, we wanted to make them—to see the mystery that changes film into print. When a Pilot-committeeman offered his basement as darkroom and himself as instructor, we accepted joyfully. The developing and printing process, which sounds so simple at the drug store, turned out to be a task of perfect timing; someone had to "stir" the film every few minutes while it developed and washed. Chronometers were again consulted in the printer's red glow, or in eerie yellow lamplight, to keep from over-cooking prints or bathing the white rectangles too long. At last our very own prints dried and tumbled off the shiny, chromium plates. We had been initiated into the secrets of the darkroom.

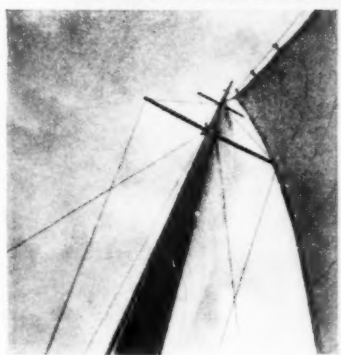
As we began to appreciate and use better equipment, many good prints appeared. Four members of our Ship placed in an amateur photograph contest; first prize, a fine camera, was won by a Mariner who did not own one.

These pictures were taken when the *O. M. S. Prairie Schooner* was "on tour" at the lake. Some were posed, some were candid shots, but all show the typical Mariner program.

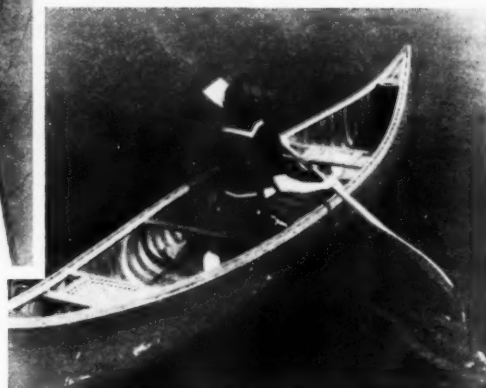
Lois Jean Turner, Chantyman

TOP RIGHT: THE SHEEN AND RIPPLE OF MIRROR-LIKE WATER, AND THE SHARP BEAUTY OF A LEANING SAIL WITH ITS UNEVEN REFLECTION, GIVE DISTINCTION TO THIS PHOTOGRAPH

RIGHT CENTER: A PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING HOW DIAGONALS MAY BE WELL USED IN ACHIEVING GOOD BALANCE IN A COMPOSITION



AN ANGLE SHOT, LOOKING UP TO THE TOP OF THE MAST AND THE BILLOWING SAILS



NOTE HOW THE PROMONTORY OF LAND WITH ITS OLD BARN AND TREES BALANCES THE TRIO IN THE BOAT THAT TRAILS ITS RIPPLE OF WATER BEHIND



GIRL SCOUTS *have a*



"MAN OVERBOARD!" AN UNUSUAL SHOT TAKEN ON A SAILBOAT AT EAGLE ISLAND CAMP. AT RIGHT: UPPER SARANAC LAKE WHERE THE GIRL SCOUT CAMP IS LOCATED



THE TWO PICTURES BELOW SHOW A BROWNIE AND A GIRL SCOUT BUSILY PUNCHING HOLES IN A PIECE OF LEATHER WHICH WILL BE MADE INTO CHANGE PURSES OR PERHAPS BOOK COVERS



THESE PICTURES, TAKEN BY SCOUTS OF SOUTH ORANGE, BEAR EVIDENCE THAT THE GIRL SCOUT PROGRAM OFFERS MANY REWARDING ACTIVITIES



A MARINER MENDS A SAIL

GOOD WORK, SENIOR SCOUTS OF SOUTH ORANGE!

SOUTH ORANGE, NEW JERSEY: The idea of having photography for the troop project of the Senior Scouts of South Orange, New Jersey, began at Eagle Island Camp, Upper Saranac Lake, in our first summer, 1938. All the girls in our troop had been at Eagle Island and were interested in photography. We all had cameras good enough to take interesting pictures.

Then came the problem of equipment. We earned twenty dollars by re-covering leather waste-paper baskets for a bank in New York City. Our dark-room, which the girls themselves fixed up, was in a cellar. Our equipment included an enlarger—made by a Junior High School boy, a friend of one of the Scouts—three pans from the Five and Ten



WAY with a CAMERA

The photography project of a Senior troop of South Orange led to interesting activities—among them, snapping Scouts at craft work



THE INTERESTING PERSPECTIVE OF THE SHIP'S WHEEL AND THE MARINER GAINED BY AN ANGLE SHOT FROM BELOW, IN ADDITION TO THEIR SKILLFUL PLACEMENT IN THE COMPOSITION, MAKE THIS A PHOTOGRAPH OF OUTSTANDING QUALITY

Cent Store, one safety light, and, of course, the chemicals and paper.

For a time we tried to decide upon an interesting project, and finally came right down to photographing Girl Scouts at crafts. We made appointments to photograph Brownie Scouts, Girl Scouts, and Senior Girl Scouts including Mariners. They made very interesting subjects.

In our troop, several girls had special interests which they followed with their cameras. One girl, whose interest was church steeples, really obtained some unusual angles by experimenting with her subject. Another Scout was fascinated by still life pictures, and flowers were her favorites.

We were all eager to increase our knowledge of photography, so we listened carefully to instructions given by our leader, and supplemented this with reference books and magazines. A few girls anxious to learn how to develop their own films, did so, although most of the films were sent away.

Highlights of the year were a bicycle trip into the country for nature pictures and a trip into New York City for architectural studies. We, of course, made our own Christmas cards. One member of our troop became so engrossed in photography that she expects to make it her life's work.

After working on photography for two summers, we eagerly anticipate our second winter.

Irene Kaplan



TOP LEFT: RIGGING A MODEL BOAT IS A CRAFT THAT APPEALS TO ALL MARINERS

ABOVE: AN EXCELLENT PORTRAIT STUDY OF CONCENTRATION ON A TASK! THIS BROWNIE IS CUTTING A PIECE OF LEATHER INTO THE SHAPE SHE DESIRES

RIGHT: A BROWNIE LACES LEATHER THONGS THROUGH THE HOLES PUNCHED ALONG THE EDGES OF A PURSE SHE IS MAKING





LEATHER WORK

THROUGH the open kitchen window, the rich, mellow notes of Annie's favorite spiritual reached young Tom Randolph as he trudged the last long block from the station. "Ab wanta go ovah into ca-amp groun'" sang Annie, her brown face glowing as she vigorously creamed butter and sugar in a large yellow bowl, whipping up a cake for Miss Lollie's dinner.

"Deep, de-ep riv-eh—Lohd—" Annie stopped abruptly as the kitchen door opened. "Lan' sakes, Mistah Tom, you purty near had me scared. Where you-all come f'om?"

"Hello, Annie!" Tom lounged in, both hands in the pockets of his mackinaw jacket. He pushed the door shut with his foot. "Where's Aunt Lollie?" he asked.

"What de mattah, boy? You don' look so good." Annie wiped her hands on her apron as she came forward.

Tom's jaw set rigidly. "Where's Aunt Lollie?" he repeated.

"Humph," Annie looked her displeasure, "so you got one of yo' uppity spells, has you? Well, yo' Aunt Lollie down in de workshop, unstackin' her kiln. An' yo' bettah not bust in," she called after his retreating figure.

Tom opened the door of Aunt Lollie's workshop cautiously, and found her in a blue smock, her hands incased in white canvas gloves, holding up to the light a pale yellow jar which she evidently had just removed from the open kiln. She looked up as Tom entered. "Why, Tom dear, what a nice surprise! Excuse the yama yama glove, won't you?—these pieces are still too warm to handle comfortably. Look, isn't this a triumph—yellow glaze as clear as a daffodil?" She set the jar down. When she saw his face, her smile faded. "Why, Tom, what's the matter? Is anything wrong at home?"

"No, nothing's wrong at home—now." His hands still in his pockets, he kicked at a piece of broken pottery on the floor.

"What do you mean by now? Has something been wrong?" Aunt Lollie looked anxious as she removed her gloves and began to unbutton her smock.

"Well," Tom said sullenly, "everything'll be all right, now that I'm not there."

"Why, Tom Randolph! What on earth—now that you're not there? Come on into the living room and tell me what you mean."

Aunt Lollie's living room was gay with bright chintz and bowls of autumn asters. Tom took off his coat and slumped disconsolately into a big chair by the window.

"Gee, Aunt Lolly, I'm in the way. Everybody's doing something or other. Dad's all messed up with rushes and splints, and he's got rolls of reed soaking in the bathtub; and Mom's all the time making embroidery or hooked rugs—she uses up my neckties before I'm through with them; Marjorie—she's got clay all over the place; and Joan, pounding on that loom of hers—it makes a fellow sick. Gee, I can't move without somebody—"

"Tom dear," Aunt Lollie's eyes twinkled as she picked up her needlework, "tell me, did you break something? Just what *did* happen?"

"Aw, I couldn't help it! Dad left some long reeds on the sun porch, and I gave them a yank, and they upset Marjorie's pottery—you know, on her table in the corner; and, well, gee whiz, you'd have thought I'd killed somebody, or robbed a bank or something. Everybody jumped on me at once."

He stopped and Aunt Lollie nodded her head. "And so?"

"Well, a fellow's got a right to live, hasn't he? Well, I just walked out on them, that's what I did—and came up here."

"I see!" Miss Lollie opened a new skein of wool. "I'm glad you came up here. Did you tell them—"

Tom interrupted her. "No, I didn't tell them anything. If they think more of Marjorie's mud pies than they do of me, then they can just worry. That's the way I feel."

Aunt Lollie looked at the lovely ivory crackle vase that held a glowing bunch of rust-colored asters on the table beside her—one of Marjorie's "mud pies."

"So that's the way it is. Well, the first thing we must do is telephone the family that you are spending the week-end here; then the next thing—"

Tom brightened visibly. The tantalizing odor of Annie's cake was suggestive of the hoped-for next thing. His face fell, however, as Aunt Lollie finished her sentence. "The next thing is to find something for you to do, so you can keep up with this busy family of yours."

When she returned from telephoning her sister, she said, "Now let's figure this thing out. What do you really want to do, at home, that the pottery and weaving and basketry seem to interfere with?"

Tom turned back from the window, "Nothing. I don't want to do anything particular. Why?"

"You know, Tom," said Aunt Lollie, "there is nothing in the world quite so boring and irritating as sitting on the side lines and watching other people have a good time. You ought to find something of your own to do that would be absorbingly interesting. This business of making things, creating things, has much more to it than appears on the surface."

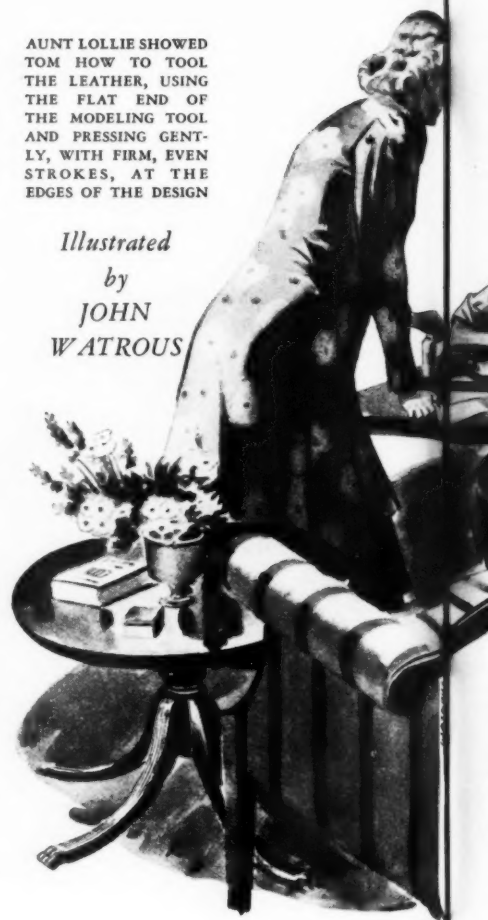
Tom looked up, the sullen expression gone. "What more is there to it?" he asked.

Aunt Lollie smiled. "Well, for one thing, there is a kind of inner joy that comes when we are putting our whole selves into a creative activity; then there is a confidence that comes with the successful completion of a difficult bit of work; there is also an appreciation of the work of professional craftsmen—a new awareness of things about us, and a wonderful satisfaction when things turn out well."

Tom nodded. "I see—like an athlete in training. You work to build up muscles so you can play the game. If you win, it's great—and, if you don't, you've had the fun of playing and you work hard to do better next time." He was thoughtful for a few minutes, then he said, "Say, Aunt Lollie, I *would* like to do something. What would you suggest? I don't want to horn in on Marjorie's pottery, or Dad's baskets—and I sure don't want sissy work like sewing, or weaving." He grinned. "Can't I

AUNT LOLLIE SHOWED TOM HOW TO TOOL THE LEATHER, USING THE FLAT END OF THE MODELING TOOL AND PRESSING GENTLY, WITH FIRM, EVEN STROKES, AT THE EDGES OF THE DESIGN

Illustrated
by
JOHN
WATROUS



do something up here and surprise them?"

Aunt Lollie walked over to the bookshelves. "Here is a good book on leathercraft," she said, taking out a small brown book entitled "Leathercraft for Amateurs" by Eleanor E. Bang.

He took the book from her outstretched hand and opened it. "Leather! Say, that sounds like a good he-man craft." His winning smile was back where it belonged. "What do I do, Aunt Lollie, go out and catch a little deer or a heifer, skin it, and make myself a wallet?"

"Not quite, my young Tarzan," she laughed. "We don't have to start so far back as that. Look, here is something I made last year!" She took a handsome tooled leather portfolio from the Governor Winthrop desk. "I'm sure I have some leather left, and I have all the necessary tools."

Tom looked at the portfolio with admiration and a new respect for his aunt's craftsmanship. "Say, Aunt Lollie, this is great. Look, did you do the whole thing—the way this design stands up, higher than the rest, kind of—"

"Embossed." She supplied the word as she watched him run his fingers over the well-tooled, raised design.

"Gee, if I could do something like this

IS FUN

By CHESTER MARSH

Arts and Crafts Adviser,
Girl Scouts, Inc.

Tom Randolph finds he can't share in the family fun until he learns a handcraft, too



now—that'd be jake. Do you suppose I could?"

"Of course you can. We'll get our things together now, and start right after dinner."

It was the work of a few minutes to set up a folding table and assemble materials and tools. There was a half skin of brown leather. Aunt Lollie explained that it was Russian calfskin which is the best kind for tooling. There were several yards of leather lacing and some snap buttons, both the same color as the skin. There was a cutting knife, a button-setting tool, a punch, a modeling tool, a small hammer, a piece of window-pane glass, a small sponge, a bowl of water, paper, pencils, a piece of heavy cardboard, a ruler, and small bottles of rubber cement and polishing wax.

Aunt Lollie was explaining to Tom that she had obtained most of these things from the Girl Scout National Equipment Service, when Annie appeared to tell them that dinner was ready.

Strangely enough, Tom didn't make his usual mad dash for the dining room. He asked Aunt Lollie one or two questions about the tools, lingering over the neat array. He was interested to know that the essential tools came together, in a small metal box called a leathercraft kit.

"That's where my allowance goes this month," he said, as they sat down to one of Annie's matchless Southern dinners. "I'm keen about tools and, if I'm going to make things, I want my own tools."

Aunt Lollie nodded understandingly. "That's the way most craft workers feel," she said. "You get used to the 'feel' of your own tools, and you learn to take better care of them."

After dinner, they settled down to work. The first thing was to decide what to make. Aunt Lollie told Tom that it would be more exciting if he did not depend upon patterns and designs made by others, but worked out his own to fit the needs and uses to which the finished articles were to be put. Acting on this suggestion, Tom decided to make a small, flat coin purse for his first piece.

"A good choice," Aunt Lollie said. "It is simple and all first efforts should be simple—and it offers opportunity to learn a number of techniques, tooling, button-setting, lacing, and joining. Also, since it is small, you can easily finish it before you return home, and still work carefully without being hurried."

So Tom worked out the pattern on paper, measuring, folding, and fitting until he had exactly what he wanted. He then worked out on paper the design for tooling, a simple, pleasing arrangement of straight lines, including, in the placement of the lines, a circle for the button snap.

These finished, he placed the heavy cardboard under the leather, laid the paper pattern on top, and cut away the leather around the edges of the pattern, using the ruler as a guide for the longer cuts. The cardboard made possible a clean, clear cut without dulling the knife, as would have happened if the cut had been made into a hard surface.

The next step, tooling the design, necessitated dampening the leather to make it soft and easily modeled. Aunt Lollie explained that, when tooling, the leather should be kept uniformly damp, but should never be wet. She then dipped the sponge in the water and showed Tom how to first dampen the front, or finished side, of the leather, being careful to cover the entire surface evenly to avoid spots or stains. After that, the dampening was done from the back, or flesh side, of the leather, being careful to dampen all over each time, never in spots. She explained that this should be done at all times, no matter whether the design to be tooled covered a small corner, or the whole area. She called his attention to the fact that the leather is too wet if moisture oozes from it when pressed with the modeling tool.

When the leather was in the right condition for tooling, Tom laid the paper design on the front of the leather and traced the outline lightly with a pencil. This made a slight depression in the leather.

Following instructions, he then placed the leather, face up, on the glass, and with the flat end of the modeling tool, pressed gently with firm, even strokes at the edges of the design. Each time he made a stroke, he made sure it overlapped the last impression to avoid little ridges between strokes. Miss Lollie insisted that he work slowly, firmly, and carefully—pushing outward from the edge of the

design with a gradual fading away of the impression.

Tom became more and more excited as the design began to stand out clearly and boldly. With the pressure of the modeling tool the background became a little shiny, but, because of his careful work, there were no stroke marks, or blemishes. By this denting of the background, the design was left raised or embossed. Tom accented this embossing by pressing up from the under side of the leather with the broad side of the modeling tool.

It was with difficulty that Miss Lollie persuaded him to leave his work at this point and go with her for a walk before bedtime. "Never work too long," she said. "When you feel yourself getting tense, drop things and relax, or take some exercise. You'll do better work and enjoy it more when you come back to it."

The next day Tom returned to the embossing with such enthusiasm that it was soon finished. Miss Lollie showed him how to apply a thin coating of rubber cement to the under side of the embossed part of the design. This, when it dried, stiffened the leather and held it permanently in the raised position.

The next step was putting on the snap fastener. Only one was needed—on the turned-over flap. Tom carefully measured and marked the places for the top and bottom parts of the fastener, which was easily applied by following the directions which came with the small tool for that purpose. Then came lacing, the first step of which was to punch holes through which to lace the thonging. Tom wanted his purse to be laced on all edges—not only where two pieces were to be joined—as he felt the lacing would make a neat, decorative finish.

He first punched holes all around the edge of the small piece to be attached. The holes were spaced three eighths of an inch apart, and were placed the same distance back from the edge of the leather. Before actually punching the holes, he marked the places lightly with the sharp end of the modeling tool, indicating first a hole in the center of a corner, then dividing the space to the next corner into equal distances, so a hole came in the center of that corner. After this piece was punched, he laid it flat on the piece to which it was to be attached, then he marked through the holes to indicate where the second piece was to be punched.

Miss Lollie told him he must never try to punch two pieces at once, or to mark two pieces at once. He must work carefully, slowly, striving for accuracy, and that he must measure, measure, measure for every step and marking.

She also cautioned (Continued on page 33)



THE ESSENTIAL TOOLS ARE AVAILABLE, FITTED TOGETHER IN A SMALL METAL BOX CALLED A LEATHERCRAFT KIT

Workaday JINNY and Dreamaday JILL

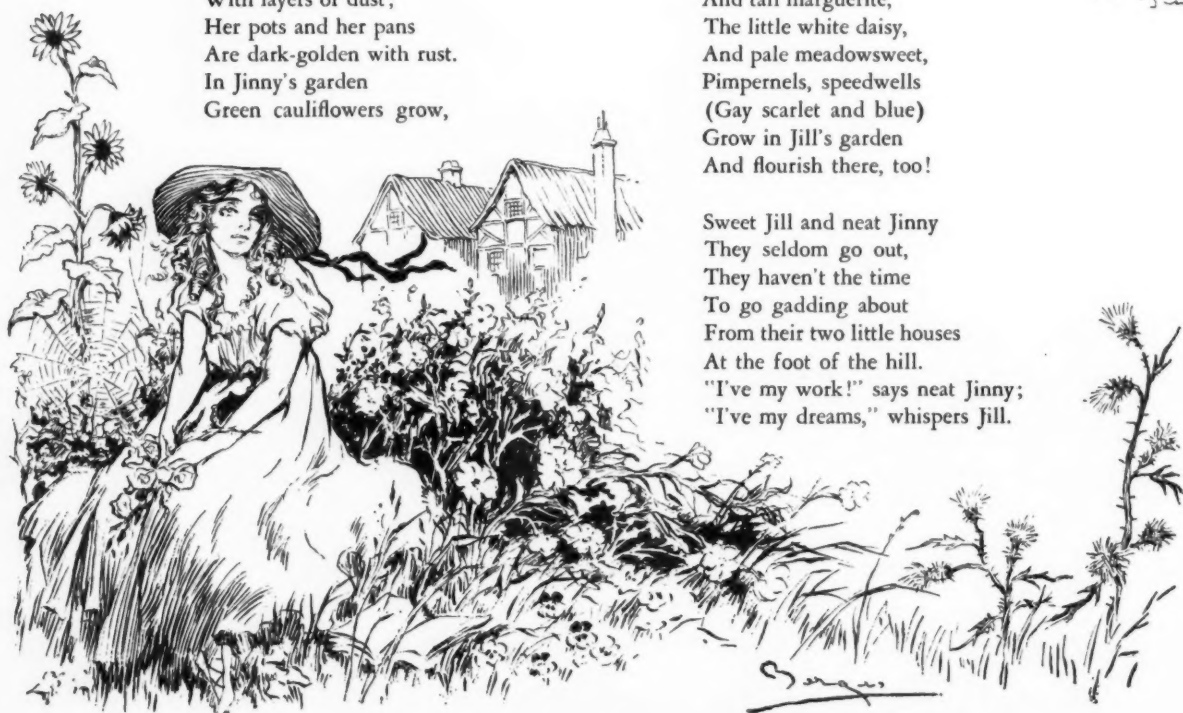
by Ivy O. Eastwick

Workaday Jinny
And dreamaday Jill
Live side by side
At the foot of the hill.
Jinny works hard,
And Jill, she dreams soft!
Jinny has apples
Stored up in her loft,
Apples, potatoes,
Plums, marrows, and pears,
Stored in the loft
At the top of the stairs.
Dreamaday Jill's loft
Is dusty and bare—
Not one small crab apple
Has she stored there!
A web with a spider,
And a little gray mouse
Are all that do bide
In the loft of Jill's house.

Workaday Jinny,
Her kitchen is bright!
Pots, pans, and tumblers
Reflect the sunlight.
Jill's kitchen is covered
With layers of dust;
Her pots and her pans
Are dark-golden with rust.
In Jinny's garden
Green cauliflowers grow,

And peas and potatoes
Neat row upon row!
But down in Jill's garden
Such cannot be found,
Though persels and mints
And Gill-go-by-the-ground,
Wild thyme, ragged Robin,
And tall marguerite,
The little white daisy,
And pale meadowsweet,
Pimpernels, speedwells
(Gay scarlet and blue)
Grow in Jill's garden
And flourish there, too!

Sweet Jill and neat Jinny
They seldom go out,
They haven't the time
To go gadding about
From their two little houses
At the foot of the hill.
"I've my work!" says neat Jinny;
"I've my dreams," whispers Jill.



LEATHER WORK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

him to be sure, before marking the second piece, that he had laid the two pieces together in the way they were to be laced. After this was done, he marked and punched holes all around the rest of the edge of the larger piece. That finished, he was ready to lace. He decided on the simple over-and-over stitch, and for this he cut a thong three times the flat length of the work to be laced. He trimmed the threading end of the thong to a point, and stiffened it with rubber cement to make it pass through the holes easily. He cut the other end on a diagonal and cemented it at the starting point, between the layers of leather to be laced. When the cement hardened, he passed the stiffened end of the lacing through a hole in the under piece, leaving the first hole in the top layer unused. Then he put the thong down from the top through the second hole, going this time through both top and lower layers of leather. He continued with an over-and-over stitch, being careful to have the thonging always turned the same way, with the finished side outside. When he went back to the starting point, he threaded the thong through the first unused hole on the top layer, cut the end of the thong diagonally, and cemented it between layers.

He broke the thong once, learning by this accident not to pull too tight. Miss Lollie showed him how to cut the two ends diagonally, one from the top and one from the bottom, spread the cut ends with rubber cement and press together until the cement hardened. The finished purse was covered with polishing wax and polished with a soft cloth.

Tom was proudly holding it up for Aunt Lollie to admire, when Annie came in with the silver tray laden with nut cookies and tea.

"Do tell, Miss Graham!" she said, with a deep, throaty laugh. "'Yo' gits 'em all doin' t'ings, don't yo'? Looks to me lak makin' pocketbooks is sure good for Mistah Tom's uppity spells, it sure do."

WINTER COTTAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

a good appetite," said Joe meaningfully. "All right. I'll fix you some supper right away, and you'd better plan to stay the night. There's an extra bedroom, and it's a long way to the nearest house—or do you live around here?"

"No, I don't live around here."

"Then, if Pop should get worse, you'd be here handy." For the first time a kind of crooked smile broke the professional seriousness of Joe's manner.

"Yes," he said, "I'd kind of like to see this case through." Then he looked around suspiciously. "There aren't any other folks staying here, are there? Are you all alone?"

"Yes, we're all alone."

"All right," said Joe. "I'll stay. Here, let me show you how to skin those partridges. I was kind of counting on them for supper, but I didn't aim to cook them on a stove."

"Where did you aim to cook them?" asked Eggs, who had scarcely taken her eyes from Joe Boles's face since the moment he arrived.

"Oh, on a spit (Continued on page 36)

WHAT'S NEW IS NEWS

Traveling Pencil—always handy, always there—travels from page to page in the new Girl Scout Notebook. The flexible cover is of green leatherette, and the 120 pages lined for your convenience.

11-626 \$1.10



A New Girl Scout Purse, streamlined and modernized, is complete with zippered compartment, hinged front with window-compartment for the registration card, and tabs for the belt. The soft pin seal-leather is dark green, and the trefoil stamped in gold.

11-622 \$.50

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
National Equipment Service
14 West 49th Street, New York, New York

GET A NEW FEATHERWEIGHT KNIFE

Beautiful Green Mottled Unbreakable Handle
Bright Full Mirror Polished. Sharp Lasting Edges

Handle Trim of Strong Alcoa Metal. Same as Used in Airplanes and Streamlined Trains.

OFFICIALLY
APPROVED



ONLY
\$1.00
4 Blades

EQUAL STRENGTH

The official Girl Scout Featherweight Knife is equal in Strength and Durability to any other Knife of equal construction.

ONE THIRD LIGHTER

Just imagine—So much lighter, still fully as strong as heavier Knives. Modern, Beautiful, Efficient.

ONE THIRD LOWER COST

No. 11-311 4 Blades, \$1.00
As Illustrated
No. 11-316 2 Blades, 75c.

Whittler
Blades made of finest steel correctly hardened, tempered and ground by expert workmen.

Don't delay—get one now from your dealer or from the Girl Scout National Equipment Service.
Manufactured by UTICA CUTLERY COMPANY Utica, N. Y.

LEARN LEATHERCRAFT
MAKE GIFTS—EXTRA MONEY
Beautiful novelties, Belts, Purse, Bags, Camera Cases, Ax Sheaths etc., easily made in spare time. Leather Gifts are Popular. Command good prices! Learn at home! Make Extra Money!
SPECIAL FREE LESSON OFFER!
Get FREE LESSON (state project wanted) also Catalog of tools, kits, prices. Send 5c for 50 Samples of Colored Velvet Sheep Skins—Tooling Calf and Lacines. Offer Limited! Write Today!
WILDER & COMPANY, Est. 1877
1038 Crosby St., Dept. AG-12 Chicago

FREE CATALOG
Artistic pins, rings and umbrellas for classes and clubs. Attractive prices. Finest quality. gold plated, silver, etc. Over 300 designs.
Write Dept. A, METAL ARTS CO., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

YARN AT TREMENDOUS SAVINGS!!
FREE—Surprise Gift Offer. FREE Instructions, sample book, 1001 Colors. Now, Winter Style Flash, 75 Models, FREE!
WRITE WOOL TRADING CO., Estab. 1920
361 Grand St., Dept. G-31, N. Y. C.

CARDS I will print your name on 24 White Bristol Cards for only 10 cents. I will send Agents Big Outfit FREE with every order. Agents wanted. W. A. BODE, BOX 178, HARRISVILLE, PA.

MAIL ME to MAKE MONEY

To earn quick money for yourself or your organization, clip and mail this advertisement for full details of Special Christmas Offer, and FREE SAMPLE of "DOLLY DUZIT" Golden Sponge.

Name.....
Street.....
City and State.....
Troop Number.....

Springfield Wire & Tinsel Company
WEST SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

WHAT NOW, POLAND?

Will Poland, as she was before the German and Russian invasion last September, ever make a come-back? Hitler thinks she won't; he has said so. France and England differ with him. If we study Poland's stormy, inspiring history, we may come to the conclusion that Hitler is wrong and that the Allies are right.

All through Poland's annals—they began about a thousand years ago—she has been a sort of cyclone center. Powerful neighbors would not let her alone. She repelled hordes of Mongols; she drove back an army of



Turks. During much of the eighteenth century she was a great nation, but internal conflicts weakened her. In the course of twenty-three years, Russia, Austria, and Prussia were busy, intermittently, carving up the country among them. The last of these partitions—there were three in all—came in 1795. It wiped Poland off the map. Her existence as an independent nation was to cease for one hundred and twenty-three years. Though Poles were terrorized for more than a century, though their country was but a memory, the Polish spirit lived on.

In 1918, the end of the World War brought Poland's restoration. Josef Pilsudski (shown in the sketch) did more than anyone else to bring about this rebirth. During his childhood his mother had read him Polish history, had told him glowing tales of Poland's lost glories.

Fiery, resolute Pilsudski dominated the recreated nation almost continuously until he died in 1935. His death threw his country into the deepest mourning.

Now that Poland has been partitioned a fourth time, the Reich is preparing, we're told, to launch a campaign of Germanization in those sections controlled from Berlin. Only German is to be taught in the schools. Youth movements are to mold receptive young Polish minds. Nazis hope that, within a generation, the Polish nationalist spirit will virtually disappear. These plans, of course, are based on the assumption that Germany will win the war.

But Polish nationalism has proved surprisingly hardy. Crushed time and again, it has revived. With or without an Allied victory, Poland may live again as a nation.

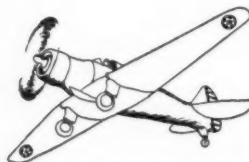
FLYING FIGHTERS

In national defense, America is relying on airplanes as never before. Relying, too, on pilots trained to fly the thousands of ships vital to our fighting forces. Just what hurdles lie between a well educated, alert young fellow and the Army or Navy wings he may covet?

The hurdles are numerous and high, much higher than those confronting the novice who wants to sprout wings in private commercial aviation. The war flyer should have the skill, the cool head, the resourcefulness, to defeat an aerial foe. The private commercial pilot is put to no such strain. He isn't called on to fight anybody. Safety, not victory in combat, is his goal.

Suppose a young man wants to fly for our Army or Navy. The first barrier is the general physical examination. A flight surgeon gives it to him. This going-over is so drastic it's sometimes called the "medical knockout." The surgeon examines heart, lungs, throat, stomach, nasal passages, feet, ear-drums. He tests blood pressure, circulation, nerve reflexes. He is especially interested in eyesight. Can the would-be pilot see things clearly at a distance, judge how far away they are? Can he read fine print near by? Even if his vision is perfect, can his eyes stand up under prolonged strain? So severe is this test that eighty-five to ninety-five per cent of the candidates "flunk out."

Let's suppose the young man is one of those who pass. All right. He's given several weeks of preliminary coaching. Then, if he's still in the running, and if he's a candidate



for Army service, he goes to Randolph Field, Texas, for basic training; next to Kelly Field, also in Texas, for advanced work. If he's Navy bound, he goes to the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida.

Instruction in army flying—counting the preliminary training—lasts a year; the Navy's coaching takes thirteen months. In both services, pilots in training get an A-to-Z course so rigorous that, out of each hundred men entering it, only about fifty graduate.

If a young aviator wins his wings, he can be justly proud. Not merely his flying ability has been tested. His judgment, his character have been under fire—and have come through.

THAT FINE FLEET WE'RE BUILDING

When warfare in Europe sent foreign liners and freighters scurrying from the sea lanes, many American shipping men pointed to this drastic dislocation as additional proof that the United States is justified in its present program of building a whacking good merchant marine, a fleet large enough, fast enough, safe enough, so that Uncle Sam may stand on his own sea legs.

The shipping men have it that, until war struck, seventy per cent of Americans who crossed the Atlantic traveled on foreign steamers. Approximately sixty-seven per cent of our commerce was borne in ships flying alien flags. These same marine experts re-



mind us that if we'll look into our past annals we'll find things strikingly different. During much of the first half of the nineteenth century the United States had a splendid merchant fleet. Its clipper ships, speedy, graceful, carried more than ninety per cent of its foreign trade. Clippers like the *Flying Cloud*, the *Sovereign of the Seas*, the *Lightning*, made blue-water history.

After 1850, however, America's merchant fleet went into a slow decline. It continued to shrink and to deteriorate—save for a frantic burst of energy during the first World War—until three years ago. In 1936 the newly created Maritime Commission began to send new blood into American shipping. It started to make loans to private companies, started to build ships destined for sale to private owners. Its present plans call for a construction program of fifty ships a year for ten years.

This program has been swinging along briskly. A score of vessels has already been launched—among them the seventeen-million-dollar *America*, the largest passenger vessel ever built in an American shipyard.

A vastly hopeful project. But the war, which at first seemed about to give the "go" signal to American shipping, may prove the means of giving it the "stop" sign. At the present writing, it seems as if, in order to lessen the risks of involvement, American ships might be obliged to forego trading with belligerent nations, or operating in danger zones. Our shipping men are disturbed. However, with their eyes on South America and on the Pacific, they're still hoping Uncle Sam may keep his new fleet busy.

SCIENTIFIC MONKEYSHINES

There's more in a monkey than meets the eye, we must conclude from certain experiments performed by Dr. Carl J. Warden, associate professor of psychology at Columbia University. Dr. Warden wished to test the generally accepted theory that only man and the anthropoid apes have the ability to use tools. Monkeys, too, he thought, might make the grade.

In numerous tests, food was placed out of monkeys' reach. They were given a number of rakes, from one to three feet long. Would they be smart enough to pull food within grabbing distance?

They proved even brighter than might have been expected. Not only did they pull the food toward them—some of the most brilliant ones would even use a short rake to hook a longer rake just out of reach. Then they'd get busy with the longer rakes and hook food still farther away.

"Failure to get the food caused some of them to act very much like spoiled children," Dr. Warden reported. "When the problem became too difficult for some of them to solve, they flew into tantrums, kicked, tore their hair, and bit the rakes."

It all sounds remarkably, even uncomfortably human!

THE SCREEN'S NEW GOLDEN GIRL

Can you guess this one? Who is the film star, one year older than Shirley Temple, who looks as if she might possibly be Deanna Durbin's younger sister? If your answer is Gloria Jean, you're one hundred per cent correct.

Mr. Joseph Pasternack is the producer who "developed" Deanna. The same Mr. Pasternack has been, and is training Gloria. "Next to my daddy I love 'Uncle Joe' best," says Gloria. So it's a sure bet that the eleven-year-old actress loves her work as well.

Gloria made her debut in a screen play called *The Under-Pup*, founded on a story by I. A. R. Wyllie. The work was strenuous. She lost weight. But Hollywood follows to the letter the rules laid down by the State for the health and education of its young screen actors. It's safe to say that picture-making is doing her no harm.

Her singing voice, a clear soprano, is pleasant to hear, her speaking voice well modulated, her acting unaffected. People



with a flair for talent predict a future for her. Best of all, success hasn't spoiled her. Meeting her, those who know her say, is just like meeting any nice, simple, perfectly natural child.

One thing that pleases Gloria is that her success has meant jobs for her younger sisters, too. Lois, who is ten, works as Gloria's stand-in. Bonnie, an impish five-year-old, is to have a part in her next picture.

Gloria loves ice cream. Her doctor encourages her to eat it. With a new picture coming on, the youngster could buy ice cream for the whole town if she should happen to want to.



EVERYBODY'S riding Schwinn-Built bikes these days, and you're going to see a lot more of them right after Christmas!

Did you ever see such sleek, slim streamlines! There's a graceful sweep from tip to tip... rich, contrasting colors in lustrous enamel... a glistening chromium headlight. It's just a *beautiful* bicycle, isn't it?

And it's so comfortable and easy to ride, too. Those big, balloon tires, that soft, broad, sponge-rubber saddle, and Schwinn's patented

Spring Fork make it ride just like Mother's car. Then there's the exclusive Schwinn Fore-Wheel Brake, giving you brakes on *both* wheels, if you want them, for quicker stopping... and *safer* riding.

We certainly hope you'll get one of these new Schwinn-Built bicycles this Christmas. And we'll be glad to send you a handsome, free folder that will help you show Mother and Dad *why* it's the bike you want. Just fill in the coupon and mail it right away.

There's always a best—in bicycles it's Schwinn-Built

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., CHICAGO

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.,

1718 N. Kildare
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Please send me your free folder about Schwinn-Built bicycles.

Name

Address

City State



Gifts With Glitter!

A Hair Clip of burnished gilt metal will complement any hair color, or hair-do, and delight Scouts of all age groups.

11-505 Each\$.15
Two for25

The Sport Bracelet of oxidized white metal, a "natural" with sweaters and sports clothes, is designed to fit chubby or slender wrists. And the activity figures are guaranteed to bring up memories of summer sports and winter fun to come.

11-674\$.25

A Crystal Ball on a chain or as a lapel pin adds a decidedly different air to sport ensembles and tailored suits. The simple screw top can be removed, and personal snapshots used to replace the Chalet and trefoil illustrations supplied.

11-688 Ball with bar pin.....\$.50
11-689 Ball with chain50

A Photo-Locket of gilt metal opens like a book, and has two compartments divided by a center "page." The fine link chain is also of gilt metal, and fitted with a safety catch. 11-684\$.75

Girl Scout Rings, perennial favorites with leaders and Girl Scouts, use a graceful cut-out design to accentuate the trefoil. Full and half sizes from 3-10. Boxed.

11-681 Sterling silver\$.50
11-682 10-kt. gold 3.75

The Brownie Ring is of sterling silver, with hand-hammered finish, and uses the gay dancing Brownie figure for decoration. Sizes (full and half) from 2-7.

11-686 Sterling silver\$.50

A Watch, streamlined in design and sturdy in construction, has a chromium case with Ingersoll movement, and blond pigskin sport strap. 11-707\$3.95



GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

National Equipment Service 14 West 49th Street New York, New York

WINTER COTTAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

over a little fire," said Joe carelessly. His hands moved quickly and efficiently, stripping the feathers from the wild birds. With no fumbling or wasted motion, he slit them open and drew and cleaned them.

"Here's some feathers for your dolls' hats," he said.

"If you eat out of doors, where do you sleep?" asked Eggs.

"Outdoors."

"Isn't it cold?"

"Yep, it's cold. But I like it."

"Haven't you got a home?"

"Say, does this kid ever do anything but ask questions?" asked Joe, the crooked smile hovering about his lips again.

"Yes, she sets the table," said Minty, putting some knives and forks into Eggs's hands.

Pop spent a restless and uncomfortable night. At intervals Joe took his pulse or listened to his lungs, renewing the poultice or shaking out small white tablets from the bottle in the medicine kit, as they were needed. Neither Joe nor Minty went to bed, but kept up the fire in the fireplace, and sat quietly on either side of it, listening for Pop's cough or call. Joe did not seem to want to talk, but Minty could see that he liked to keep his hands busy. He selected a smooth piece of birch wood and began to whittle and shape it with his pocket knife. He worked with patience and care, and at last Minty could see that it was going to be a squirrel sitting up and holding a nut.

She had the comfortable feeling that the responsibility of Pop's illness had been taken off her shoulders, and that some one wiser than she was now in charge.

"Gee, but I was lucky!" she thought to herself. "To think that the first person I met on the road was a doctor! Of course, he's awfully young, but he *must* be a doctor—he's got all the fixings."

Minty's head began to nod. The next thing she knew daylight was coming in the window, and she was feeling very stiff and cramped from sleeping in a rocking chair. But she was not cold, for the fire was still burning and some one had covered her with a blanket while she slept. Joe Boles was in the kitchen, frying bacon and making coffee. Pop's voice, like the croak of a tired frog, came out of his bedroom.

"Do I smell coffee? I could do with a cup right now. And, say, somebody take this awful-smelling Irish stew off my chest!"

Minty yawned and stretched and her eyes traveled dazedly about the room. At last they came to rest on the center of the mantelpiece, where there was something which she had not seen the night before. It was Joe Boles's squirrel, neatly finished and perfect in every detail.

Pop was sitting up by the fireplace in two or three days' time, and Joe Boles was still with them. One afternoon he took the fishing tackle and caught them enough fish for supper.

"Are you folks really planning to stay here all winter?" he asked.

"Yes, we are," said Minty.

"Well, you sure need to have a lot of things done before you do."

"I guess we do," said Minty. "We have to split up a lot more wood, I know."

"You sure do," (Continued on page 39)

MAKE YOUR OWN CLOTHES

It's fun to make your own Christmas presents. Here are some attractive ideas by **ELIZABETH ANTHONY**

Pattern
1911



ARE you planning to make your Christmas presents this year? It would be fun to tackle something quick and easy to make and really attractive, like a bed jacket or a dainty apron, for such gifts are truly appreciated. They would cost you little—things you make yourself are always less expensive than ready-mades—and they would be much more personal gifts.

Mother would be delighted with the jacket shown in the illustration, which may be used equally well as a dressing sack, or to slip over your shoulders if you are ill, or take an occasional breakfast in bed. This is a new Hollywood design, pattern number 1911. It is made bolero style, with raglan sleeves and inset collar band of lace. Make tiny ribbon bows or rosettes of contrasting color. Blue satin trimmed in fuschia, peach trimmed in rich blue, or white with red are a few new color suggestions. Lace for the inset collar and edgings will give the jacket a touch of luxury. Use the Zigzag attachment on your sewing machine to sew on the lace and reinforce the seams, matching your thread perfectly for the seams and the lace.

A practical gift to make for Mother, Sister, or a friend is an apron. The pattern we suggest has three different versions—a tea apron, a full-length bib apron, and a shorter one in the same style. It is Hollywood pattern number 1694.

If you decide to make the tea apron, you will need about one and one-eighth yards of material. This apron would be sweet made of organdie with a lace edging. Other appropriate materials are piqué, gingham, seersucker, and batiste. Rickrack makes a good trimming and is popular just now.

The amount of material you will need for

the bib apron depends upon the size and length. You will find a full listing of yardages on the back of the pattern envelope. Rickrack trimming is also suggested for this apron. Novelty bias tape in one or several colors is also good. A monogram on the bib or pocket is a novel and individual touch.

Follow the layout directions on the instruction sheet in the pattern envelope; it will help you find the right grain of the goods and prevent wastage. Put in all the notches and make tailor's tacks in the perforations. These will guide you in assembling and making details.

Your sewing machine attachments will help you in making the gathers, stitchings, and trimmings. There is a buttonholer and hemstitcher that you can learn to use without any difficulty.

When your gifts are finished, wrap them in fresh tissue paper, pack them in a pretty box tied with a crisp ribbon—and you have as nice a gift as you could give. It's not too soon to start making Christmas things now—and you'll have fun doing it!

Patterns 1911 and 1694 are Hollywood Patterns which may be ordered direct from THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 W. 49th St., New York City. The price of each is fifteen cents. Be sure to state size when ordering. If you would like help with your sewing, write THE AMERICAN GIRL for information about a sewing center near you.

Each fifteen cents

Pattern
1694



"YOU SHALL HAVE MUSIC WHEREVER YOU GO"
with ORIGINAL
"JINGLE SOX"
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A REAL
JINGLE
BELL ON
EACH
SOCK



FOR
SKATING
SKIING
AND ALL
WINTER
SPORTS

Bells Removable
For Laundering

Sold by all leading stores. If your local store cannot supply you—send \$1.00—stating size and color and we will send you, prepaid, a beautiful pair of pure wool jingle sox.

STERLING HOSIERY CO.
314 W. ADAMS ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

SCOUT
OFFICIALS

BOOST YOUR COUNCIL FUNDS

When your council or troop budget needs bolstering, do as hundreds of councils have done. Sell Grennan Official Girl Scout Cookies! We furnish complete sale plans, publicity, advertising and contest ideas. Proven successful by more than 1500 councils last year. Sold only to troops and councils registered at National Headquarters. Write today for FREE sample of new Treasure Chest Cookie Package and complete information. No obligation.

GRENNAN BAKERIES, INC.
844 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

Money Making Opportunity

Popular household paper products, reasonably priced, sell quickly, make good profits and repeat. Samples or 10¢ Handy Wicks Waxed Paper and many other fast selling articles—FREE. Write—

HANDY WICKS CORPORATION
PARIA, MICHIGAN

GET THIS NEW FREE HOME CRAFT CATALOG

Fully Illustrated. Hundreds of items. Make finished articles at home for pleasure and profit. Basketry, weaving, metal working, leather craft, block printing, glass etching, wood working, pottery, bookbinding, looms, tools, supplies, accessories. Write today.

J. L. HAMMETT CO., 287 Main St., Cambridge, Mass.

FREE CLUB PIN CATALOG

300 SMART DESIGNS!
Knit your group closer together with pins or rings. Bastian has been the leading maker for 45 years. Write today for our Free, new 1940 catalog.

BASTIAN BROS. CO. Dept. 11, Rochester, N. Y.

DRESS UP YOUR HOME with HOOKED RUGS

They make your home cozy and bright. Easy to make with Bluehouse Colored Patterns. Lovely designs of every size and style—Flowers, Scrolls, Animals, etc. Send 10¢ (stamps or coin) for booklet. Deduct 10¢ from your first order.

JOHN E. GARRETT, INC., 104 Bryant St., Malden, Mass.

KNITTING YARN NEW 1939 FALL AND WINTER YARNS

Standard for 30 Years Prompt Mail Service
CLIVEN YARN CO.
Dept. E-17, 711 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa.

600
FREE
SAMPLES



ILLUSTRATIONS are such an important part of books to-day that looking over *Reginald Birch—His Book* (Harcourt Brace), edited by Elisabeth B. Hamilton, will be like meeting old friends to many of you, for here—among others—are pictures of little Lord Fauntleroy, Master Skylark, and the Little Princess. The volume includes a selection of stories and poems, with the original illustrations made by Reginald Birch from 1886 to 1938.

Pilgrim's Progress (Stokes) by John Bunyan, with drawings by Robert Lawson and text retold for modern readers by Mary Godolphin, is another book to be treasured for its pictures. This classic story takes on new life because of the artist's interpretation.

A beautiful and inspiring book is *Millet Tilled the Soil* (Dutton), by Sybil Deucher and Opal Wheeler, with illustrations by Dorothy Bayley. Millet, the painter of "The Angelus," loved the seedtime and harvest, early morning and twilight. You will find this in his pictures and in his life's story. If you are interested in drawing, Paul Brown's *Black and White* (Scribner) explains and illustrates the "overlay method," a system of drawing which makes it possible to put even your mistakes to good use. A very unusual book is *Black, Bay and Chestnut* (Macmillan), by C. W. Anderson, which has large full page profiles of twenty favorite horses, including Man o' War, Seabiscuit, and Blockade.

Many of you think of your cameras in connection with sports. *Photography as a Hobby* (Harper), by Fred B. Barton, encourages the person who is starting out making snapshots to persevere until his work becomes of first quality and, furthermore, assures him that the hobby is not an expensive one. Another hobby book is *Silk Screen Stencil Craft* (Harper), by J. T. Biegeleisen, which explains how posters, greeting cards, lamp shades, and other articles may be made, with only a small investment, by following the directions of this widely used commercial printing process.

Pottery is a fascinating craft. *Pottery Made Easy* (Bruce), by John W. Dougherty, includes, among other information, a short history of the craft, the technic of pottery making, making molds, and decorating and glazing. *Pottery of the American Indians* (Dutton), by Helen E. Stiles, contains many unusual photographs of pottery which, together with the text, explain that handicraft grows out of daily needs and expresses the religion and ideals of a people.

Are you looking for something new in plays? *Curtain Calls for Haydn and Bach* (Dutton), by Opal Wheeler and Sybil Deucher, provides a dramatic way to introduce these famous musicians and also to have a

By NORA BEUST

Chairman of The American Library Association Board
for Work with Children and Young People

novel music recital. *Plays for High Holidays* (Dutton), with incidental music and dancing, by Janet E. Tobitt and Alice M. G. White, are four full-length plays of deep religious significance, for Christmas, Easter, or Saint Patrick's Day.

A sport book on skiing that has amusing pictures and is at the same time practical is *Start Early* (Oxford), with story and pictures by Ian Fenwick.

The Chisel-Tooth Tribe (Harcourt Brace), by Wilfrid S. Bronson, is as amusing as its name. The author, who is a keen observer of nature, tells and illustrates his stories exceedingly well. Another volume, *Our Small Native Animals*, (Random), by Robert Snedigar, tells about the habits of small wild animals such as chipmunks and squirrels, and how to care for them if you want them as pets. *Real Boys and Girls Go Birding* (Lippincott), by Jack Van Coevering and illustrated with photographs, is an account of bird adventures which the author has had on his trips with boys and girls. Gaylord Johnson's *How Father Time Changes the Animals' Shapes* (Messner) answers, in some detail, questions regarding the shapes of animals.

Trees of the South (University of North Carolina Press), by Charlotte H. Green, makes trees as interesting as animals. *Conquests of Science* (Harcourt Brace), edited by Ray Compton and Charles H. Nettels, is really an introduction to more than a dozen books by great scientists who write about nature.

Authors who make animals intensely interesting (especially the training of animals) are Bob Barton and G. Ernest Thomas in *Old Covered Wagon Show Days* (Dutton). Circus days, from the time of the earliest medicine shows to the big tent shows of to-day, form the background for the stories of Mamie the bear, Pete the elephant, and other feature actors. Anne Bosworth Greene, in her story *Punch, the Cruising Dog* (Appleton-Century), tells how she trained a bulldog that loved summer river trips, to be a most satisfactory companion. Dogs far less gentle are the actors in *Lost Island* (Junior Literary Guild and Winston) by Nora Burglon. There is courage, adventure, and mystery in Solvig's fight to get a sledding contract with her team of fierce huskies in the wilds of Alaska.

Silver Birch (Harcourt Brace) by Dorothy

Lyons tells of a Girl Scout mounted patrol which each girl longs to join on a horse of her own. Connie succeeds because of her plan to win the love and loyalty of a wild white mare.

How fine it is to have *Toplofty* (Macmillan), a new book by Fjeril Hess, editor of our Girl Scout *Leader*, which tells more about the young people who had such a grand vacation in *Shanty Brook Lodge*, and how their new Girl Scout clubroom becomes the center of many activities. *Vocations for Girls* (Harcourt Brace), by Mary R. Lingenfelter and Harry D. Kitson, tells of the multitude of occupations open to young women. *Sally and Her Kitchens* (Dodd, Mead), by May Worthington, describes some of the experiences older girls may have if they choose home economics as a career. Dorothy Deming has a new volume, *Penny Marsh, Supervisor of Public Health Nurses* (Dodd, Mead) which continues the training of Penny and shows a few of the problems and satisfactions of learning to become a supervisor.

Edith Tallant's *The Girl Who Was Marge* (Lippincott) is a tale of the adventures of Marge and Polly, who volunteer for a summer of teaching in Labrador and Newfoundland with the Grenfell Mission. *Absolute Pitch* (Harcourt Brace), by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis, describes what goes on in the opera from both sides of the footlights, in the thrilling story of Thalia who is gifted with a fine voice. Mary V. Provines tells in an entertaining manner what happens in a county library, in her story, *Bright Heritage* (Longmans). If *You Should Want to Write* (Dodd, Mead), by Alice R. Colver, is a practical handbook that will help you to decide whether or not you should choose writing as a possible career. Quite an unusual occupation—that of doll dressmaker—helps Lee Farrell to grow up in *Doll Cottage* (Macmillan), by Adele De Leeuw.

The olden days hold mystery, hardships, and romance in such tales as *Cristina of Old New York* (Lippincott), by Gertrude Crownfield, and *Yonder the Golden Gate* (Stokes), by Ada C. Darby. *Litling of Gaywood* (Random), by Edna Turpin, takes you back to life in Colonial Virginia. *Adella Mary in Old New Mexico* (Houghton-Mifflin), by Florence Crannell Means, tells of the experiences of a girl in old New Mexico. *Island of the Red God* (Rand McNally), by Leta Z. Adams, is filled with adventure; Joyce and Rex are real pioneers who discover traces of an old culture in Alaska. *Little Mossback Amelia* (Dutton), by Frances M. Fox, is the true story of a girl who lived for six years in the Michigan woods. A homey, old-fashioned tale of Tennessee, is that of Catherine and her family, called *Bright Morning* (Dutton), by Charlie M. Simon.



GO AND FIND WIND

By **ERICK BERRY**

For generations Persis's family had built ships in Mystic, Connecticut. When gold was discovered in California the Parrott yards had orders to build a clipper, but were hard pressed to find money. How Persis and her cousin, Oliver, helped their grandfather in the final successful launching of the *David Crockett* makes an interesting and exciting story. \$2.00

THE TOP OF THE WORLD

By **Alice Gall and Fleming Crew**
Pictures by **Nils Hogner**

Two favorite authors write of people and animals who live in Greenland. Kayuta, an Eskimo boy, Nanook, the polar bear, and the great explorer, Peary, play their parts in the stories of a faraway mysterious land. \$1.50

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY
PRESS
New York



ISLAND of the RED GOD

You'll be thrilled with this exciting story of Joyce's adventures on an Alaskan island fox farm. A young archeologist, a hunt for the traces of an ancient civilization, superstitious natives, and an active volcano are woven into a superb tale of mystery and action. By **Leta Zoe Adams**; illustrated by **Armstrong Sperry**.

\$2 at your bookstore or from
Dept. A-11, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago

Rand McNally & Company

FREE CATALOG in BOOKS

Our 46th Annual 320-Page Bargain Catalog of new Books of all Publishers lists 25,000 titles—Fiction, Juvenile, History, Scientific, etc. Illustrated, Indexed. Used by schools, colleges, libraries, individuals. Write today for this new 1940 catalog, "Bargains in Books." **THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY, Dept. 210**
564-566 West Monroe Street • • • Chicago, Illinois

BOYS & GIRLS Earn Christmas Money

Send for 25 CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. Each package containing 48 assorted Christmas Seals, Cards, Tags, etc. Sell for 10c. When sold send us \$1.50 and keep \$1.00. We trust you.
CHRISTMAS CARD CO. • Dept. 15, Beverly, Mass.

ROLLS DEVELOPED

25c Coin. Two 5 x 7 Double Weight Professional Enlargements, 8 Gloss Prints.
CLUB PHOTO SERVICE LaCrosse, Wis.

YARN

Send for 600 FREE Samples Now on Special Discount Sale besides 4 Extraordinary Specials, Bayon Nub, Flake and Boucle Yarns.
YARN NOVELTY CO., (42-BE) North 9th St., Phila., Pa.

WINTER COTTAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

said Joe, "and you'd be a lot warmer if you had some dirt banked up around the foundation of the house, and a few boards nailed on where they've come loose." And he spent another day nailing loose boards, banking the foundation, and splitting wood.

"We can't pay you much," said Minty, "because we haven't got much. This house isn't even ours. Of course, we're renting it, but I don't know yet where the rent money is coming from. We've just nothing at all."

"That's all right," said Joe. "I'm not looking for pay. I'm nothing at all myself. But someday I will be somebody. I've made up my mind to that."

"It's nice to be so sure," said Minty.

"You've got to be sure. Things don't happen unless you make them." Joe shut his mouth in a grim line and went on chopping wood.

That night Pop was almost his old self again. On one of the shelves in the living room he had found a box of chess men and a board, and he had made the discovery that Joe Boles played chess. After supper they drew up a table before the fire and began to play.

"Joe," said Pop, "you're a wonderful boy. I don't know how you happened along here, nor where you came from, but you certainly saved my life."

Joe smiled his uneasy smile. "Oh, I guess you'd have pulled through all right without me," he said. "I just came along at the right time and did what I could."

"Nevertheless, Joe, I'm sincerely grateful to you for saving my life."

"Well, Pop," said Joe, "I'm grateful to you for living. It would have been pretty hard on me if you had died. You see, you were my first case."

"Your first case!"

"That's right."

"But Joe," cried Eggs, "you acted just like a real doctor!"

"Oh, I know how they act," said Joe. "My father was a doctor and some day I'm going to be one like him. That's his medicine kit I've got."

"But the pills and the poultice!" cried Minty. "You certainly knew just what to do."

Joe pushed the chess men aside. "The pills were just aspirin," he said, "and that poultice—well, I guess a doctor would probably laugh at that. But I couldn't think what else to do. I remember my grandmother used to make them like that and put them on people when they had colds. Some day I'll know a better way of curing congested chests than with onion poultices."

"Well, it's a marvel to me," said Pop. "I don't care how that poultice smelled, it certainly did the work. 'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' as the poet Shakespeare says. I think you'll make a wonderful doctor, Joe. You've got a splendid bedside manner."

"Thanks," said Joe. "I wish I had about eight years of medical training."

"Oh, that will come," said Pop optimistically.

"Will it? I wonder. It doesn't look much like it now."

"Things don't happen unless you make them," said Minty suddenly. Joe's words had been going through her mind all afternoon and now she tossed them back at him.

Announcing the story of a modern girl, by the author of *Winterbound*

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES

By **Margery Bianco**



Dale was just an average girl, and when she went to the city to find a job, a series of varied ones turned up—governess, secretary, helpmate—which took her into other people's homes. The way she saw families' face problems helped invaluable when she came to make a real home—hers and Dick's. \$2.00

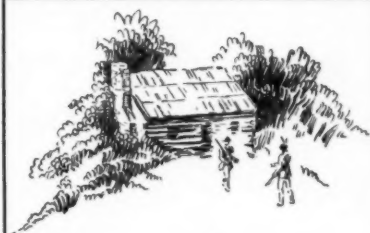
and the story of a pioneer girl:

All the Days were Antonia's

By **Gretchen McKown and Florence Stebbins Gleeson**

"You could not wish for a more thrilling story," Nora Beust reported in the October *American Girl*. Antonia was one of Dakota's real young pioneers, and the story of how she arrived in Deadwood, helped nurse the fever-stricken miners, and found the men who robbed her father's bank, is all true. Illustrated by **Zhenya Gay**. \$2.00

THE VIKING PRESS



TENNESSEE OUTPOST

by **Ivy Bolton**

A pioneer story with authentic background concerned with the struggle of keeping Tennessee for the United States. Illustrated by **Louise Mansfield**. \$2.00



PRINCESS OF YUCATAN

by **Alice A. Lide**

An interesting portrayal of life under the Aztec conquerors is this story of a young Mayan girl. Illustrated by **Carlos Sanchez**. \$1.50

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
114 Fifth Ave., New York

Earn-Your-Own



PRIZE AWARDS!

The thrill of possessing a Girl Scout Uniform of one's own (or other desirable Girl Scout equipment) is increased tenfold for the Girl Scout who earns it by her own effort. THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine offers you this opportunity. Fill out the coupon below for complete details and a copy of our latest list of prize offers. You are sure to see something worth striving to earn.

And whether you are a Girl Scout or not, extra pocket money is most desirable so we have arranged for you to earn CASH, as well as things any girl would like to have. Accordingly these prizes are to be earned together with a cash commission.

PRIZES YOU CAN WIN

Girl Scout Uniform
Girl Scout Hat
Girl Scout Neckerchief
Girl Scout Ring
Girl Scout Handbook
Girl Scout Stationery
Compact
Printed Handkerchiefs
Sport Scarf
Camera
Wristwatch
Identification Bracelet
First Aid Kit
Compass
Bookmark
Pen & Pencil Set
Sewing Kit
Flash Light
Hand Axe
Featherweight Knife
Bedroom Slippers

WRITE TO-DAY saying

"Send details of the
Earn-Your-Own Club"

address

BETTY BROOKS

% THE AMERICAN GIRL
14 West 49th Street
New York, N. Y.

He gave her one of his rare smiles. "That's so," he said. "But, honestly, I've had a hard row to hoe."

"Joe," said Pop, looking keenly at the boy, "your father was a doctor and your grandmother was a smart woman. It sounds to me like you had a fine family. How come you're out here all alone, shooting partridges out of season for your food, and sleeping out of doors in October?"

"I'm heading for the South."

"Yes, but that family of yours—where are they?"

"I haven't got a family any more," said Joe. The sullen look had settled on his face again. "I had one once, but it's all broken up now, and what's left of it I'm trying to forget."

"I guess you've run away from home," said Pop calmly.

Joe's face went fiery red. "What makes you say that?" he cried.

"You look like a boy who'd do a darn fool thing like that, Joe."

Joe clenched his hands. "Well, are you going to notify the police?" he said in a low, harsh voice.

"No," said Pop, "not unless you write and tell Aunt Amy where we are. You see, Joe, we're hiding out on a family, too. This is a pretty good place to do it. I don't think Amy would ever dream of looking for us here."

"They broadcast over the radio for me," said Joe, almost proudly. "I heard them in a grocery store where I went to buy crackers. I've stayed away from towns since then."

"You didn't run away from your father or your grandmother, Joe—I know that," said Pop. "Who did you run away from?"

"No, they're both dead. My father died two years ago in an automobile accident. That was tough. I loved my father—" Joe's voice trailed off.

Pop took off his spectacles and polished them. "Well?" he said.

"Well," said Joe, "that left just my mother and me, and we got along pretty well until last summer." He paused again, and then he said in a hard voice, "Last summer she got married again."

"I guess you didn't like your new father very well," prompted Pop.

"Like him?" said Joe fiercely. "I hate him, and he hates me. He tries to make me do things. He isn't like my own father. I can't live there any more. I packed my things and got out. They'll never make me go back—no, never! I'll die first."

Eggs and Minty looked at Joe with round eyes. Everyone was silent for a moment. They could hear the crackle of wood on the fire and the whisper of wind outside, and it almost seemed that they could hear the whisper and crackle of Joe's anger, too. Joe did not love or hate easily and quietly. Such things went deep with him.

At last Pop began to put the chess men back in the box, and he said calmly, "What do you figure on doing now?"

"I don't know," said Joe. "I just want to get away South where I don't have to freeze out of doors at night; and, when I'm safe away where they won't bring me back, I want to get a job, so I can go to school some day

again and learn to be a doctor like my dad. But I don't know why I've told you all this. I guess it's because I'll be on my way again to-morrow morning, and you can forget all about it."

"Joe," said Pop, "if I had the money, I'd hire you to stay here and see us through the winter. I'm not very strong and it puts too much work on Minty and Eggs. We need the strong arm of that son I always wanted and never had. But there's no use talking about that. All I could give you to pay for your help would be your board, and a room in a borrowed summer cottage. I guess that wouldn't get you very far on the way to being a doctor in a hurry, would it? Well, we'll have to get along without you. But there's one thing to be said for this place—it's remote. I don't s'pose they'd ever think of tracing anybody here. It's cozy and cheerful, too. I look forward to quite a nice winter here with books and chess and a little hunting and fishing. A place like this sort of puts a man on his mettle. If I were twenty years younger, I'd enjoy it more. But you'll be off by yourself, riding the rails and hitting the trails. I guess it's pretty cold now riding under a freight train. But you're young. You can do it." Pop rose and stretched. His legs were still a little wobbly. "Well, good-night all. What was it the poet Shakespeare said, girls?"

"To sleep! Perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub!" shouted Eggs.

Minty followed her father into his room. "Pop," she whispered, "why don't you urge him to stay here? I hate to see a kid like that going off all alone with no one to look after him, and feeling sort of mad at the world."

"You go to sleep, Minty," said Pop, patting her head, "and see what he says in the morning."

Pop arose with the rest of them the next morning. He was still pale and a little weak in the knees, but some inner purpose stiffened his back. With unusual care he mixed up a batch of his famous pancakes, and never in the history of the family had such perfect sockdolagers and gollwhollikers been made as Pop made that morning. Golden brown, dripping with butter and syrup, they melted like music on the tongue.

"Say!" said Joe. "These are sure the best hot cakes I ever tasted."

"Nothing much," said Pop modestly, "just an old family recipe like your Grandma's onion poultice."

"You know, I've been thinking," said Joe. "The way you talked last night, I thought maybe you'd consider letting me stay here with you this winter. Did you really mean that? I'm a good worker, and I'd make myself useful for my board. I'm a good hunter, too, but I don't know whether you'd want me around?"

"I guess we could use you," said Pop.

"Whoopee!" yelled Eggs.

Minty only smiled and heaped more pancakes on Joe's plate. It seemed suddenly as if all of their troubles were over, if only Joe Boles would stay and help them through the winter.

(To be continued)

JUDY GARLAND

in another picture together again soon!"

Now that Judy is a full-fledged movie starlet, her daily schedule is about the same as that of Deanna Durbin, Bonita Granville,

and the other young actresses. She is up

early, spends a long, hard day behind the cameras, recording songs, posing for stills, being fitted for (Continued on page 42)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

GIRL SCOUTS ARE BOOK LOVERS



BOOKS around the World," this year's theme for Children's Book Week (November twelfth to eighteenth) has a definite place in the Girl Scout program.

Girl Scouts of Houston, Texas, have a keen interest in their library which has been established at the Little House for their use on a regular library basis. With the help of Miss Harriet Dickson of the Houston Public Library, a card index system has been installed. The Scouts are given an opportunity to learn how to use a public library—how to use a catalog file, how to locate magazine shelves, the dictionary, the encyclopedia, picture file, exhibit shelves, and the procedure in borrowing and returning books.

The books cover a wide range of interests and the girls have discovered that an old book may well be a new book to the person who reads it for the first time, because it may open a new world to its reader. There is fiction for 'teen age girls; there are books on sea lore for girls interested in the Mariner program; and there are many reference books pertaining to the ten fields of interest on which the Girl Scout program is based.

Several books have been added to the shelves recently. These purchases were made possible through a gift from Mrs. Helen Currie whose son, Mr. V. R. Currie, is a

member of the Houston Girl Scout Council.

The observance of Children's Book Week offers a chance for the girls to participate in many of the ten fields of interest of the Girl Scout program. The *My Community* badge, awarded for study and understanding of community life, is one of the honors a Girl Scout may work for by Children's Book Week observance.

There are six badges in the literature field. The activities for the *Book Finder* badge will help any girl unlock the treasure house that Carlyle describes thus: "All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been—it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books." The next best thing to knowing a subject yourself is knowing how to find information about it. If a Girl Scout becomes a real book finder, she will make friends that will help to answer questions all her life.

The *Bibliophile* badge is designed for those who really love books as well as read them. It teaches something of the history of books, of their care, of the persons who write them, illustrate them, and manufacture them.

How fine it is for Girl Scouts to know books, the proper handling of them, how to mend and rebind an old book, and above all—to enjoy joint ownership of a Girl Scout Library!

—Dorothy Gaines

FOR COLOR IN THE KITCHEN



A Girl Scout Apron of fine percale in crisp apple green is trimmed with bands of solid yellow, red, and blue. Sizes: small, medium, large. 8-294..... \$.85

The Brownie Apron, pinafore style, is of red-brown percale with gay little figures in bright colors. The pocket, with Brownie figure embroidered in brown, and the binding, are in warm gold. Sizes: small, medium, large. 8-291 \$.75

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
National Equipment Service
14 West 49th Street
New York, New York

WHAT'S ON THE AIR?

This list has been selected by permission from the Educational Radio Check List published in "School Management Magazine." Programs are sponsored by Columbia Broadcasting System, the Mutual Broadcasting System, and the National Broadcasting Company. The time indicated is Eastern Standard Time.

Please check the times by your local newspaper.

SUNDAYS, A. M.

10:30-11:00
CBS *March of Games*—Children who like asking and answering questions are given opportunity on this program directed by Nila Mack, director of children's programs at CBS.

11:45-12:00
NBC-Red *Vernon Crane's Story Book*—Fairy tales are dramatized for people from three to one-hundred-and-three years old; Nov. 12, *The Book That Goes to Bed*; Nov. 19, *Herman, the Littlest Locomotive*; Nov. 26, *Cherub, the Chick*.

11:30-12:00
NBC-Red *Music and American Youth*—Concerts from America's schools by boys' and girls' vocal and instrumental groups.

SUNDAYS, P. M.

1:00-1:15
NBC-Blue *Pilgrimage of Poetry*—Ted Malone takes his listeners on his pilgrimage of the poetry shrines of America as he broadcasts directly from the homes of beloved American poets; Nov. 5, Philip Freneau, *Poet's Dream*, Matawan, N. J.; Nov. 12, Joyce Kilmer, *Joyce Kilmer Shrine*, New Brunswick, N. J.; Nov. 19, Walt Whitman, *Camden*, N. J.; Nov. 26, John Bannister Tabb, *St. Mary's Seminary*, Baltimore, Md.

1:30-2:00
NBC-Red *On Your Job*—Dramatizations of the opportunities and problems young men and women find in preparing for, finding, and keeping jobs; Nov. 5, "The Boss Has It Soft" (Office); Nov. 12, "Tunnel Man" (Construction Underground); Nov. 19, "The Right Gang" (CCC Camp); Nov. 26, "Beauty Runs Deep" (Beauty Parlor).

2:00-2:30
CBS *Democracy in Action*—The stories of the various services of your government are dramatized; Nov. 5, *Foreign Trade in the World of Tomorrow*; Nov. 12, 19, 26, *Social Security Series*.

2:00-2:30
NBC-Blue *Great Plays*—Radio adaptations of famous plays from those of early Greek times to those now appearing on Broadway; Nov. 5, "Edward II" by Marlow; Nov. 12, "Romeo and Juliet"; Nov. 19, "Much Ado About Nothing"; Nov. 26, "Macbeth"—the last three by Shakespeare.

3:00-5:00
CBS *New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra*—John Barbirolli conducting.

4:30-5:00
NBC-Red *The World Is Yours*—Facts about the world we live in are presented in dramatic form from the Smithsonian Institution; Nov. 5, *Germanna Ford—Crossroads of History*; Nov. 12, *The Great Apes*; Nov. 19, *Flying in Safety*; Nov. 26, *Our Debt to the Indians*.

5:00-5:15
CBS *Columbia's Country Journal*—Farm news and interviews, with Charles Stookey, CBS farm news reporter.

6:00-7:00
NBC-Blue *New Friends of Music*—Chamber Music Concerts.

7:00-7:15
CBS *News from Abroad*—Columbia correspondents in Europe review the week.

MONDAYS, P. M.

4:30-4:45
CBS *Adventures in Science*—Prominent scientists are interviewed about current scientific news.

7:45-8:00
NBC-Blue *Science on the March*—Carroll Lane Fenton, noted physicist, tells some of the stories behind the scientific discoveries of modern times.

TUESDAYS, P. M.

8:30-9:00
NBC-Blue *Information Please*—Celebrities and intellectuals are put "on the spot" to answer questions sent in by listeners.

WEDNESDAYS, P. M.

4:30-4:45
CBS *Highways to Health*—Medical talks for the layman arranged by the New York Academy of Medicine. Dr. Iago Galdston, Secretary.

THURSDAYS, P. M.

4:30-4:45
CBS *So You Want to Be*—Successful persons in all walks of life—hotel managers, sports writers, firemen, policemen, foresters, social workers, etc.—are interviewed by girls and boys who want to follow in their footsteps.

9:30-10:00
MBS *Sinfonietta*—Small symphony orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein.

10:00-10:30
CBS *The Columbia Workshop*—Unusual radio dramas, using the latest sound effects and radio techniques.

10:30-11:00
CBS *Americans at Work*—Portrayals of the many varied jobs that make up American industrial life, with the voices of workers brought directly from tunnels, laboratories, ranches, and workshops.

FRIDAYS, P. M.

4:30-4:45
CBS *Men Behind the Stars*—Dramatizations of stories of constellations by Hayden Planetarium; Nov. 3, Pavo—Peacock; Nov. 10, Triangulum—Triangle; Nov. 17, Centaurus—Centaur; Nov. 24, Serpens—Serpent.

SATURDAYS, A. M.

11:15-11:30
MBS *This Wonderful World*—Girls and boys take part in a program conducted from Hayden Planetarium.

SATURDAYS, P. M.

12:30-1:00
CBS *Let's Pretend*—Classic fairy tales dramatized by Nila Mack, with a cast of young actors.

12:30-1:30
NBC-Blue *National Farm and Home Hour*—Presented in cooperation with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, this program offers the latest and best farm and home information available to farm families and provides music and other entertainment.

1:15-1:30
NBC-Red *Calling All Stamp Collectors*—News and information of interest to philatelists, presented in cooperation with the National Federation of Stamp Clubs.

1:30-2:00
CBS *What Price America?*—Dramatized stories of the way our nation's resources are used, abused, and could be conserved. Nov. 4, *Some Like It Hot* (our oil resources); Nov. 11, *Wizards of the Mines*; Nov. 18, *America the Beautiful* (our national parks); Nov. 25, *The Gentleman with the Beard* (work of Uncle Sam's conservation agencies).

7:30-8:00
NBC-Blue *Art for Your Sake*—Series of dramatizations based on lives of world's greatest painters. This series will trace the development of art from early to modern times; Nov. 4, *Franz Hals*; Nov. 11, *Boucher*; Nov. 18, *Turner*; Nov. 25, *Delacroix*.

10:00-11:30
NBC-Blue *NBC Symphony Orchestra*—Arturo Toscanini conducting.

10:30-11:00
NBC-Red *Arch Oboler's Plays*—This famous radio playwright offers original productions in which emotional conflict and not romance predominate; tales of imagination and fantasy rather than thrillers are told.

JUDY GARLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

clothes. Snatches of time, adding up to the required three-hour daily total, must be spent in study. Then home to a hot supper, a short evening (usually spent in studying the next day's script), and an early bedtime.

Judy has a new home, an unpretentious, comfortable place in one of the Hollywood cañons. Her bedroom, Early American style like the rest of the house, has snowy criss-cross curtains with wide ruffles, at the windows. Her favorite room is a play room with a phonograph, games, and a ping-pong table. Incidentally, she is acclaimed the neighborhood ping-pong champion, and can give stiff competition to professionals and amateurs alike.

If you think Judy is probably quite helpless in the kitchen, you should taste her muffins, or one of her chocolate dessert concoctions. She often cooks breakfast for her mother and herself, but she usually sticks to a favorite menu. Orange juice leads off as an appetizer, then hot buttered toast, crisp bacon, and scrambled eggs with catsup.

Since her motion picture career began, the young singer has learned how to dress at her best. She sticks to well-tailored suits, one-piece sport dresses with up-and-down lines, and high-waisted skirts with sweaters and plenty of fresh blouses—all especially good for those in the bulky teen stage. Oxfords, and plain, medium-heeled dress shoes keep her feet smart and happy.

JUST in case her career in movies should "fizzle," Judy has invested part of her earnings in a Beverly Hills flower shop. It is called "Judy Garland Flowers, Inc." Of course her movie work keeps her too busy to actually spend time in her shop, but she enjoys dropping in once in a while to help arrange flowers and plan new ideas for window displays. Her specialty is a twenty-five cent corsage, for the benefit of high school and college boys with big dates and small purses. Every night, all left-over flowers in the shop are taken to the children's wards of the General Hospital, to help brighten the bare rooms.

For Judy is still, at heart, just as much a little nurse as in her younger, doll-tending days. She reads every book she can find on doctors and nurses and their work, and her recent favorites have been *The Citadel*, *Men Against Death*, and *Microbe Hunters*.

More than that, Judy is working to make a dream come true, a dream she has cherished and built upon for many years. It is to build and endow a clinic for underprivileged children. She wants to help those children who need medical help, but whose parents cannot afford a private hospital.

Judy's clinic will not be like ordinary hospitals—not if she can help it. It will be a cheery place, painted in soft, pretty colors, with pictures on the walls and fluffy curtains at the windows.

Money saved from Judy's salary goes into a "special account" in the bank toward her dream hospital. A wealthy philanthropist in the East, who maintains a free children's dental clinic of his own, heard of her unselfish plan and sent a large check to help it along. So, in the not too distant future, Judy's clinic may come true, and her only dream will be of herself, in starched cap and apron, tending the rows of beds within.

Be sure to check the times by your local newspaper. The programs as presented here were as correct and accurate as the broadcasting companies and WHAT'S ON THE AIR could make them, at the time of going to press. However, emergencies that arise in the studios sometimes necessitate eleventh-hour changes in program listings.



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

THE BILL OF RIGHTS. Another in the series of splendid short features which dramatize important events in our country's history, photographed in technicolor and acted by distinguished players. This one tells of the fight to have the Bill of Rights included in the Constitution. (Warner)

MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON. The director, Frank Capra, and the scene builders have brought Washington and the Senate chamber into the experience of countless voters, in their faithful reproduction of the nation's Capitol. The script and the actors have added a moving story, a vast amount of real entertainment, and a telling plea for honesty in government. Jeff Smith, (James Stewart) is head of the Boy Rangers of a Western State, and a local hero. When U.S. Senator Foley dies suddenly, the party machine appoints Jeff to fill his unexpired term, believing him too naive to ferret out the graft the machine lives by. What happens, to Jeff in Washington, his romance with Clarissa Saunders (Jean Arthur), and his eventual triumph make a rousing film that everyone will enjoy. (Col.)

RULERS OF THE SEA. This picture adds immeasurably to the stature of the motion picture as a medium for recreating history. The story chronicles the first crossing of the Atlantic under steam and the picturesque rivalry with sailing ships. Will Fyffe as John Shaw, pioneer inventor of a steam engine, gives a salty portrayal of the individual, with universal overtones revealing the devoted heart and mind of the engineer. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. as Shaw's assistant, and Margaret Lockwood as his daughter, share acting honors in this film. (Para.)

Good

BABES IN ARMS. It may be human weakness to depend on the younger generation to save the world, but when we refer to the entertainment world this picture justifies the hope! Mickey Rooney displays real creativeness in his performance, and Judy Garland continues to be the charming girl everyone would like for a friend or daughter. Good tunes and wholesome gaiety for the entire family. (MGM)

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading



"I can explain everything," says Mickey Rooney to Judy Garland in a scene from "Babes in Arms," reviewed above.

CALLING ALL MARINES. Life in Uncle Sam's Marine Corps changes Blackie Cross (Donald Barry) from a gangster attempting to steal valuable government plans, into a hero who eventually captures the criminals with whom he was formerly in league. The Marines supply plenty of action. (Rep.)

DISPUTED PASSAGE. Although falling back upon clichés in developing its theme (that devotion to science should not demand complete negation of life and denial of soul) the picture skillfully narrates the story of a young doctor (John Howard) who mistakes the fanaticism of a great surgeon (Akim Tamiroff) for the pure scientific spirit and attempts to emulate it, only to discover that personal bitterness against incompetent doctors who had let his fiancée die is back of the surgeon's pitiless scientific outlook on life. The introduction, as love interest, of an American girl (Dorothy Lamour), raised by a Chinese family, who has dedicated herself to the cause of China, and the final shift of action to a bombed village in China give the film an arresting timeliness. (Para.)

FLIGHT AT MIDNIGHT. Phil Reagan is an airplane pilot who doesn't take his responsibilities very seriously until confronted with a situation where, by risking his own life, he saves another plane and its passengers. (Rep.)

HERO FOR A DAY. An interesting departure from the usual football story, for it throws light on how football heroes sometimes fare after they are out in the world. Played with convincing humanness, its satire is good-natured rather than depressing. (Univ.)

SKY PATROL. Jackie Coogan and John Trent in a Tailspin-Tommy adventure. (Mono.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

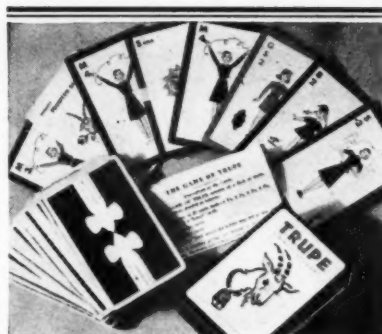
THE BILL OF RIGHTS

MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON (If interested)

Good

BABES IN ARMS

SKY PATROL



TAKE A TIP TRY TRUPE

A good Scout game, and a game for all good scouts. Take it to troop meetings, take it to "dorm dates." Try it on friends, and on the family. For TRUPE is the new game positively guaranteed to produce mirth and good fellowship. 11-946.....\$50

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
National Equipment Service
14 West 49th Street, New York, New York

Mail Your Rolls to the Kodak City
8 guaranteed glossy Velox deckle-edged prints, 25¢ coin. DeLuxe Panel enlargement coupons Free! Careful work, fast service. PHOTO FINISHING SHOP, Est. 25 yrs., 100 Genesee Valley Trust Bldg., Rochester, N. Y. "The Kodak City."

GIRLS EARN EXTRA MONEY

Sell best line of Christmas Cards. Everyone uses. Easily sold. No experience necessary. All kinds, including Humorous, Etchings, Religious, Gift Wrapping assortments, etc. Big profits. Extra Cash Bonus. Write for complete information.

FREEMAN CARDS

35 High Street New Haven, Conn.



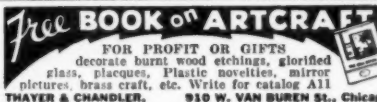
CLASS PINS-RINGS GET YOURS FIRST

Send for catalog of newest designs. Factory prices to you. Prices as low as 35¢ for pins and \$1.25 for rings. Inquire today. Be first.

C. K. GROUSE COMPANY
42 Bruce Avenue North Attleboro, Mass.



DENISON'S PLAYS Juvenile Songs, Musical Readings, Musical Comedies, Operettas
FOR ALL OCCASIONS Delightfully amusing. Denison's plays are produced everywhere. Complete minstrel material. Free Catalog.
T.S. Denison & Co., 203 N. Wabash, Dept. 17, Chicago



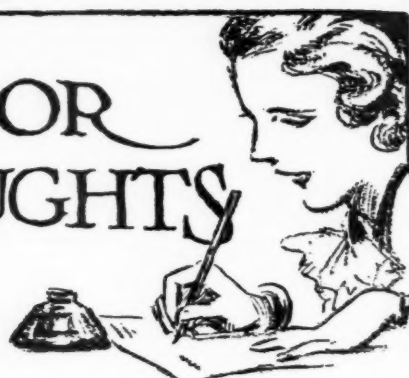
Free BOOK on ARTCRAFT
FOR PROFIT OR GIFTS
decorate burnt wood etchings, glorified glass, plaques, Plastic novelties, mirror pictures, brass craft, etc. Write for catalog. ALL THAYER & CHANDLER, 930 W. VAN BUREN ST., Chicago



FREE Professional 5x7 ENLARGEMENT
• Send Today!
• of your favorite negative (film). Beautiful "Excel Finish" on Eastman Double Weight paper. Prompt service. Original safely returned. This FREE offer limited. EXTRA SURPRISE if you send today! Enclose 10 cents for mailing costs. Eagle Studios, Dept. 38, 1910 Farnam, Omaha, Neb. 18 yrs. quality work!



A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS



ARTICLES THAT MEAN SOMETHING

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CALIFORNIA: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for about three years. I've enjoyed every issue and raved about them to my friends.

Of all the copies I've read, I think September 1939 was about the best, especially the articles. I usually don't care for articles, but these concerned American girls themselves. They contained information we could use ourselves. I'm hoping for more such articles that really mean something to us.

Mary Lou LaSalle

HEALTH AND SAFETY

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: Recently, in school, we had to make a hygiene book of notes, with illustrations and articles. I found many articles and illustrations in my AMERICAN GIRL that were the kind I needed. I want to take the liberty, through this letter, of thanking Robert B. Stewart M.D. and G. F. Alsop M.D. for their articles on health, and Florence Nelson and Catherine T. Hammett for *Comfortable Homes are Safe Homes* and *Is Your Bicycle Built for Two?* Their articles and many illustrations helped me in attaining an "A" book. I also want to thank THE AMERICAN GIRL for publishing them.

Marilyn Bartol

PUBLIC SPEAKING

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN: After taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for a little over a year, I have decided to let others know how much I enjoy it. My younger sister and I have found this a very delightful and beneficial magazine.

I am a senior in high school and plan to take dramatics and public speaking this year. Because of this I greatly enjoyed *You Can Make a Speech* in the September issue. My sister has accomplished a great deal in the line of speaking in public. Although I enjoy making speeches, I haven't conquered my fears yet, but I think this article is going to be very helpful.

There is such a variety of stories in THE AMERICAN GIRL, but they all appeal to me first rate.

Margaret E. Soper

A FAVORITE ARTIST

LEOMINSTER, MASSACHUSETTS: To-day I picked up my September AMERICAN GIRL and, of course, I noticed immediately the lovely cover design by S. Wendell Campbell.

I felt I simply had to sit right down and write to you, telling how much I enjoyed it and appreciate THE AMERICAN GIRL. All the cover designs are effective, certainly, but S. Wendell Campbell is my special favorite.

I remember, when the International number appeared in February, how I solemnly vowed to take the utmost care of the lovely cover. Then I let one of my friends borrow my copy and, somehow, her baby sister got hold of it. Wielding a pair of scissors, she made short work of the cover. Furious is not the word to describe my feelings when I received word of it! However, my friend now subscribes, so that need never happen again.

In closing, let me say that this is from a thirteen-year-old girl who is grateful to the magazine for the pleasure and benefit she has derived from it, and who sends appreciative thanks to THE AMERICAN GIRL for making her a better American girl.

Pat Phillips

DILSEY IS POPULAR

OMAHA, NEBRASKA: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for a little over a year and I have enjoyed it a lot. The Girl Scout troop in our neighborhood does some outdoor work and your articles about nature are very helpful.

I like the Bushy and Lofty stories best, and I think Dilsey is swell, too. She is always getting into trouble, just like me. Dilsey is a big favorite in our Scout troop.

Barbara Bergstrom

AN EXCITING SERIAL

EAST CHICAGO, INDIANA: When I saw the September issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL, I liked it so well that I thought I should write.

The serial, *Winter Cottage*, starts well, and should have an even better finish if it is anything like the author's book, *Caddie Woodlawn*. I enjoyed the story by the new author, *Two Guitars*, very much also.

Dorothy Dillman

CAROL WANTS TO BE A SCOUT

ENID, OKLAHOMA: I have just received my first copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL for my birthday and I am thrilled to death with it. I love it. I think it is the best magazine and companion a 'teen-age girl can have.

I have heard about Girl Scouts all my life. I have always wanted very much to be one, and I am very sad that our city does not have a troop. I long to be one so much that I pretend I am one of the troop members in

stories and things I read about Girl Scouts. It would be my dearest wish fulfilled if I could be a Scout. I have written for information about becoming one.

Carol Jeann Belcher

SO DOES IRENE

GLENWOOD, IOWA: I have been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for about half a year and I enjoy it very much. I got my subscription by taking care of some chickens. I like the Western stories best. I also like the jokes, but best of all I like *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I like to hear what other girls are thinking about.

I live in the country and there isn't any Girl Scout troop. I am so sad about it, for I would love to be a Girl Scout. I am fourteen years of age and in grade nine.

In closing, I shall just say, "THE AMERICAN GIRL is the best magazine in the world."

Irene Maddocks

SO DOES ROSEMARY

HOLLY, COLORADO: This is the first time I have written to you. I just must let you know that I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL so much I can't find words to express my feelings. I greatly enjoy the stories of Bushy and Lofty, Lucy Ellen, and Phyl and Meg.

Now for the articles! I especially liked the one in the September issue—*Your Room and You* by Florence Smith Vincent. Since I have a room of my own, it gave me quite a few ideas about my furniture, walls, and the correct way in fixing up your room according to the space you have to do it in.

Some day I hope I may be a Girl Scout, but since our town is too small for a Girl Scout troop, I'll have to use my imagination until perhaps, some day, we can have one.

Rosemary Jones

A LIFE SAVER

SETAUKET, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK: In the summertime we live in a small town named Setauket. It is a very lovely town, but there is nothing for a person around thirteen to do. So it was a life saver when a friend of mine gave me THE AMERICAN GIRL for my birthday.

My favorite characters are Lucy Ellen, Midge, and Phyl and Meg. *Winter Cottage* and *Two Guitars* are wonderful. I love articles about fixing rooms and movie stars. Loads of luck!

Virginia Fuller

Do you want to be a Girl Scout? If so write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 14 West 49th St., New York City

FROM A CANADIAN GUIDE

VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA: Yesterday, as I was walking past the news store in our district, I saw a copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* in the window. I stopped and thought for a second and then I went in and bought it—and, boy, am I glad I did! Believe me, it's the best girls' magazine I've ever read.

As I live in Canada I am not a Girl Scout, but I am a Guide which is practically the same thing. I'm very glad I am, for it's great to think that I have "sisters" all over the world, linked to me by Guides and Scouts.

I am fourteen years old and in the ninth grade. My chief hobby is reading.

Well, here's all the best wishing in the world for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and my sister Scouts.

Sheila M. Watson

SPEAKING IS IMPORTANT

SALEM, OREGON: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for three years and my subscription will last until January 1941. I can not begin to say how much I have enjoyed *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, even though I am not a Girl Scout. I have enjoyed every story and article in it, and after reading *You Can Make a Speech*, I feel that I will be able to make better speeches in the future. I am a junior in high school and being able to give well-planned speeches is important. I find the articles on books and stamps very helpful, too.

In these war times, I think every American girl should be proud to be—an American girl.

Joyce McClendon

THE ANCIENT ROMANS

SANDUSKY, OHIO: Although I do not take *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, I always manage to read it at the library or to borrow it from one of my girl friends each month—and I certainly enjoy it. In my opinion, it is one of the best magazines published.

I am fourteen years old and will be a sophomore in high school this fall. While I have many hobbies, my favorite ones are reading, photography, and corresponding. Latin is my favorite subject in school, and my idea of perfect contentment is a book pertaining to the ancient Romans, a juicy apple, and a cozy chair.

In the winter I find ice skating to my liking. Last year I had a rather thrilling experience—falling through the ice. However, I suffered no ill effects from my escapade except getting soaked and having my clothes freeze on me.

I am waiting rather anxiously and yet rather reluctantly for school to start, for I am looking forward eagerly to my sophomore year—though I hate to think of my enjoyable vacation coming to an end.

This letter is to show my appreciation for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—a swell magazine.

Mary Lou Hess

ORCHIDS TO MRS. BRINK

INGOMAR, PENNSYLVANIA: Imagine my surprise when I found a new serial, *Winter Cottage*, by Carol Ryrie Brink in the September *AMERICAN GIRL*! I have read *Caddie Woodlawn* many times.

I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for over two years and have saved every issue. My favorite stories are about Byng. Please have more about him.

Margaret Geltz



"Dear Diary—you'd envy her, too!"

"I went to Dotty's party tonight. Gosh, wish I were more like Dotty. She's just got everything! Looks, personality, brains—and darn it all, she's even a swell athlete! No wonder everyone's crazy about her! But more than anything else, I wish I had her poise! She's so calm and sort of sure of herself . . . and she's always that way!"

IF YOU stop to think about it, you'll realize that a girl can't "always" be poised and serene like Dotty if she's uncomfortable or in fear of embarrassment several days a month.

So if you envy that wonderful care-free spirit, protect yourself from unnecessary worry and discomfort as many girls do . . . with Modess, the softer, safer sanitary napkin.

Modess is softer because it is made differently. There are two kinds of sanitary pads . . . "fluff-type" and "layer-type." Modess is "fluff-type," which means it has a soft, downy filler instead of closely packed layers.

Make the test yourself. Cut open a Modess and feel the fluffy mass. A special process cushions each fiber in air. That's why Modess is so soft . . . so

blessedly comfortable to wear!

And Modess is safer, too, because it has a special moisture-resistant backing. Take out this backing from a Modess pad . . . drop some water on it. You'll be amazed . . . not a drop strikes through! This moisture-resistant backing gives you the extra protection you need to help you forget your worries.

Be sure to notice the blue line on the back of every Modess pad. It marks the proper way to wear Modess for greatest comfort and security. Read directions on the slip in the Modess package.

And yet, with all this extra precaution, Modess costs no more than other nationally known brands. Ask Mother to buy Junior Modess . . . a slightly smaller size pad made especially for you.

THE TUDOR CUPBOARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Rosemary spent a great deal of time in the workshop, too. She chattered to her grandfather continually, about the play and the part the famous Elsie Winters was to take in it, but most of all about her own longing to be an actress.

Old Rambler listened absently. He did not take Rose's ambition very seriously, but he let her talk about it—which was more than her Aunt Liza, who was bringing her up, would do.

Soon Rosemary did more than talk about acting. When the cupboard was finished, she began to act.

"Watch me, Granddaddy," she said. "I am playing that I am Elsie Winters acting the Princess Elizabeth! I hear someone coming! I look! Then I hide quickly in the cupboard—like this!" And she scrambled up into the cupboard.

Her grandfather burst out laughing. "You look more like a boy shinning the orchard wall than a princess," he said. "I guess it takes practice to act well."

Rose was chagrined, but not discouraged. "Then I'll practice," she said, and every day, over and over, she played she was Elsie Winters acting the princess.

Gildicken watched her and shook his head. "Silly girl! Why doesn't she skip Elsie and be the princess? She has a lot to learn and she is not a beauty, but her perseverance ought to get her somewhere, especially if I give her a lift."

Now there was nothing Gill liked more than giving someone a lift, so he put his mind to the matter. "She looked pretty when she danced," he remembered. "Perhaps it was the dress."

In a corner lay a heap of discarded furniture coverings. Gill kicked and tossed the rags about until the commotion drew Rosemary's attention.

"What's that? A mouse?" Then her eye caught the bit of blue and silver brocade which Gill had pushed to the top, and she had an idea. "Maybe I'd act better if I dressed up!"

The piece had once been the cover of a Sheraton sofa, priceless in its day. Now it was in shreds and hopelessly faded, but swiftly Gildicken's fairy fingers drew the rents and holes together. The dirt disappeared, the colors brightened, the tarnished silver threads gleamed again. By the time Rosemary had smoothed the silk out on the workbench, it looked like new.

"I wonder why Granddad threw this lovely stuff away," she thought, as she picked up the shears. She snipped and cut, and at her elbow Gildicken deftly guided her hand. When Rosemary had pinned and sewed the dress together and put it on, she looked like

a princess in a sixteenth century portrait.

After that she practiced harder than ever. Gildicken looked on with approval.

"That's better," he nodded. "Now she's acting! She's almost got it! Almost, but not quite!" Yet, for the life of him, Gill could not think what was lacking.

To her grandfather, she looked like a little girl dressed up in old furniture covers, climbing into the cupboard and closing the door over and over again.

"It must be stuffy in there," he said. "I'd better make an air-hole in the top." So he took an auger and a chisel and made a hole. He found that the top was double, and that there was a narrow opening between the upper and lower boards. It was filled with dust which he brushed out. A dirty yellow wad fell to the floor and Rosemary picked it up.

"Look," she cried, "it's a funny little cap!"

Gildicken, perched on the top of a comb-back rocker, turned a double somersault. His revenge had been sweeter than he knew.

"May I have it?" Rosemary asked. Rags, she knew, were sometimes 'antiques,' but her grandfather, busy with his chisel, did not give it a glance.

"Sure, you can have it."

Rosemary washed her find in hot water and soap, scrubbed it thoroughly, dried and pressed it. It took some vigilance on Gildicken's part to protect the frail thread lace from her vigorous handling, but happily the coil came out white and whole.

Rose put the cap on and looked at herself in the glass. Her red hair showed in a little point in front and on each side. She ran to the workshop. "See, Granddaddy, how pretty I look!"

Old Rambler was surprised. "As pretty as a princess!" he said.

"I feel like a princess," cried Rose, and she walked with an air she had not had before.

The next afternoon the manager came to inspect the cupboard.

"Very satisfactory," he said. "Couldn't be better. Crate it and ship it to-morrow. I'll write the check for it now, and give you the address of the theater." He and Mr. Rambler walked off to the house, while Rosemary, left alone in the workshop, thought regretfully that her time for playing the princess in the cupboard was over.

"I'll dress up and do it once more," she thought.

Meantime Gildicken seized his chance. The gentleman had laid his pigskin gloves on the workbench. The wily Gill pounced upon them and they vanished into thin air. Naturally their owner left them behind. When the business was finished, he stepped back to the shop to look for them.

He was just in time to see a little princess

in shimmering silk step to the cupboard and open the door. She placed one foot on a projection of the carving, lifted herself with a swift and graceful motion; then, with a quick, fearful glance over her shoulder, she disappeared inside.

The manager thought he must be dreaming, but in a moment the door opened and the princess emerged. Cautiously, but with royal dignity, she climbed down.

"Who are you?" he demanded excitedly.

The Princess Elizabeth disappeared in a flash. "I'm Rosemary Rambler, Granddaddy's granddaughter," she stammered, backing away. "I was only playing."

"But that dress? That costume? Where did it come from?"

"It's made of old chair covers," said Rose. "I like to pretend."

"And the cap? It looks real!"

"Things seem real when I have them on," Rose said shyly.

The manager said no more. He found his gloves on the workbench and drove away in his car. Rosemary took off the dress and the cap, and watched her grandfather box up the cupboard, ready to be shipped the next day.

Gildicken sulked in his nest of shavings. "After all my efforts, it seems the fellow doesn't know a good thing when he sees it!"

But Gill was mistaken. Three days later a letter came to Mr. Rambler, asking him to bring Rosemary to the theater to try out for the part of the princess. "The fact is," the manager wrote, "I have had Elsie Winters scrambling in and out of that cupboard for two days. She looks like nothing so much as a clumsy boy shinning over a wall—but the way your granddaughter did it, that was something!"

Rosemary was overjoyed. "I'll wear the blue and silver dress and the little cap," she said.

"No such thing," cried Aunt Liza. "Riding through the streets rigged up like a masquerade!" But Rose insisted and, amid protests, she drove off in the truck beside her grandfather, looking and feeling like the daughter of a king.

Rosemary got the part of the princess and acted it to perfection. The play had a long and successful run. After that, her grandfather and even her Aunt Liza took her ambition seriously.

She studied and worked and the friendly manager gave her other parts to play. She became a celebrated actress and her name, Rosemary Rambler, was put over the theater in electric letters, three feet high.

"It was the funny little cap that helped me," she always said, for, of course, she knew nothing of Gildicken's part in the affair.

THE STREAMLINED SPOOK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Then we'll reassuringly disrobe, and quietly explain that it was us this time and her brother last time. Then she'll be unconditioned and all over it."

"How will we get her into the park?" Louise inquired. "She said she'd rather be boiled in oil than go there at night."

"I'll figure out some way—it will come to me," said Sara blithely. "White and floating, she said, with a sort of glow about it. We might get some phosphorescent paint and

paint ourselves with it. That might do it."

"We?" questioned Louise. "What do you mean 'we'?"

"Well, me, I suppose," said Sara. "I seem to be the only truly adventurous person among us. I guess a flash light would be easier to get hold of than phosphorescent paint, though, wouldn't it? I could hold it in my mouth while I waved my arms around." She proceeded to illustrate how it could be done. "I'll be a psychological ghost, a

scientific ghost. A streamlined spook."

"When?" asked Louise grimly.

"When? Well, maybe to-morrow. Cousin Ruth is coming to-night." Sara paused in her arm-waving. "That's it! I knew it would come to me! We'll do it to-night."

"While your cousin is here?" Louise gasped. "My word, why?"

"Aside from this fear complex, what is Honey Ann's strongest emotion?" inquired Sara, undulating (Continued on page 49)



Retort Courteous

"Tommy, your hands are very dirty," said the new teacher. "What would you say if I came to school with dirty hands?"

"I'd be too polite to mention it," replied Tommy.—Sent by RUTH WEBSTER, Montrose, Pennsylvania.

Opportunity

A young matron decided to give a formal reception, so she summoned her maid to give her instructions. "Bridget," she said, "I want you to stand at the drawing room door and call the guests' names as they arrive."

"Very good, ma'am," said Bridget happily. "I've been wantin' to do that for years! I suppose the first thing that comes into me head will do?" —Sent by VIRGINIA SNULLIE, Manchester, New Hampshire.

Winter

The class had been instructed to write an essay on winter. One child's attempt read as follows: "In winter it is very cold. Many people die in winter, and many birds also go to a warmer climate."—Sent by MARY ELISABETH RYDER, Berwyn, Pennsylvania.

Object Lesson



MRS. CROSS: Do I understand that you expect me to wear this squirrel coat all my life?

MR. CROSS: Why not? The squirrels do, don't they?—Sent by FRANCES DICKSON, Lansing, Michigan.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



Who Would?

TEACHER: What is the plural of hippopotamus?

BOY: The plural of hippopotamus is h-i-p-p-o —oh, well, who'd want more than one, anyway?—Sent by CATHERINE HINZE, Madison, Wisconsin.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this box.

yet."—Sent by NATALIE HARRISON, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Brief Interview



A young man applying for a job asked, "Have you an opening for an office boy?"

"Yes," said the employer gruffly, "and don't slam it on the way out!"—Sent by MARY and MARILLYN HARRIS, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Intimidated

MRS. SMITH: Henry, I'm afraid this lobster is going to disagree with me.

MR. SMITH: My dear, that's impossible. It wouldn't dare.—Sent by ALMA HAWKINS, Onancock, Virginia.

Of Course

TEACHER: How many shirts can you get out of a yard?

PUPIL: That depends on whose yard you go into.—Sent by ANNE ROOS, Kitchener, Ontario.

Sorry!

CUSTOMER: I wish to try on that dress in the window.

CLERK: Sorry, lady, but you'll have to use the fitting room.—Sent by NANCY BALDWIN, Omar, West Virginia.

The Cure

Two Negro women were talking together, and one asked, "Has you bought your tuberculosis seals yet?"

The other replied, "No, I ain't never bought none. What they for?"

The first one said, "They sell 'em to prevent tuberculosis, and I buy me fifty cents worth every year and stick 'em on my chest—and I ain't never had no tuberculosis

Iver Johnson

America's FINEST

Make no mistake about it — Iver Johnson leads the parade for top-quality-value in 1939 — just as in the days of Dad and Grandad.

Money can't buy a finer bicycle. Streamlined design makes it always tops for style. Brilliant, stunning colors. Made of costlier materials, an Iver Johnson rides better, looks smarter and gives years and years of extra service and carefree performance. High carbon steel frame; drop forgings at all vital parts; up-to-the-minute equipment. Easy pedaling makes your Iver Johnson a real pal for thousands of happy miles. You want guaranteed long-term ride insurance — buy an Iver Johnson.

Send for Bicycle Folder B19 illustrating many models.



RIDES BETTER
LOOKS SMARTER
LASTS LONGER

Booklets are FREE

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

18 BRIDGE ST. FITCHBURG, MASS. 85 CHAMBERS ST. NEW YORK



THE OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT COMPASS

With jeweled pivot revolving needle, is but two inches in diameter and a quarter inch thick. The dial is engraved with the sixteen points of the compass, and the trefoil. The case is heavily nickel plated, crystal is unbreakable, and there is a special locking device for the jeweled pivot revolving needle. A necessity on camping trips, hikes, and for map making.

ASK FOR THE OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT COMPASS. 11-356 . 80c

There is also a small nickel plated compass one inch in diameter with trefoil.

ASK FOR COMPASS . . 11-354 . . 25c

U. S. GAUGE COMPANY

44 Beaver Street

New York City

RINGS \$1.35 PINS-20¢

Free Catalogue of School and Club Pins and Rings. Pin No. C 16 Silver Plated \$2.00 per doz. Gold Plated \$3.00 per doz. Sterling Silver \$3.80 per doz. Ring No. R 523 Sterling Silver \$13.80 per doz.

ARTISTIC MEDAL & BADGE CO. New York, N. Y.

112C Fulton Street

YARN BUY DIRECT SAVE MONEY

FREE Samples Rug and Knitting; Directions. Lowest Prices; Burlap Patterns given with Rug Yarn.

BARTLETT YARN MILLS, Box C, Harmony Maine.

WHEN STAMPS ARE YOUR HOBBY

By OSBORNE B. BOND

NUACE MOUNTING CORNERS

REGULAR JUNIOR

BEST

way to mount and display snapshots, stamps, drawings, etc. Quick, safe, inexpensive. Protects while showing to the best advantage. NuAce Corners are in 4 styles:

Regular, Junior, Senior, in black, white, gray, green, red, sepia, ivory, gold, and silver. Also crystal-clear Transparent style.

Only a dime a pkc. anywhere in the U. S., or send us 10c (Canada 15c) for pkg. and samples.

24 Gould St. ACE ART CO. Reading, Mass.

U. S. Approval Service

Drop us a postcard and we will send you by return mail a fine selection of commemoratives, air mails, and revenues. Write today.

Huber Stamp Co. Dept. 25
345—4th Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLE

(Illustrated) also stamps from Gobi Desert, Snake stamp, Devil's Island, Silver Jubilee, Mermaid stamp, set U. S. (nearly 50 years old), etc.—all given with big lists and approvals. Send 3c postage.

PILGRIMS STAMP CO.
W. Arlington Baltimore, Md.

Gift Edition Stamp Annual Free

Sixty Pages with hundreds of illustrations featuring Canadians, Newfoundlanders, United States, Colonials, Foreign, Supplies. Sent FREE. **GRAY STAMP COMPANY, Dept. AG., Toronto, Canada.**

FREE! SNAKE TRIANGLE!

Scarcely Mozambique (shown), also Canadian Island, Togoland, Greenland (new country), odd Mosquito stamp, smallest stamp, Morocco, Dillibout, Liban, Treasure Island, etc.—all FREE with lists and approvals. Send 3c postage. **SENIOR STAMP CO., Pimlico - A, Baltimore, Md.**

"FREE—THE STAMP FINDER"

Send today for our valuable "Stamp Finder"—an illustrated booklet enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps and to tell at a glance the countries from which they come! Also fine packet of odd and unusual stamps from Bosnia-Herzegovina, Monaco, Patania, Cyprus, etc. including maps, ships, animals and strange scenes. All free to approval applicants enclosing 3c postage.

GARCELON STAMP CO., Box 907, Calais, Maine

FREE! World's smallest triangle, Bolivia triangle, giant diamond-shaped stamps, beautiful, modernistic San Fran. and N. Y. Fair, commems. from Ecuador (Postage and Air), Devil's Island, Congo, Soudan, Tunisia, Dancig, Ha. E. Africa (new country), West Indies, South Seas, Asia, Africa, Br. Colon, Mozambique, Silver Jub. Perf. gauge and Millimeter scale. This amazing offer absolutely free to approval applicants enc. 3c Postage.

R. H. DAVIDSON (G) 2297 6-E, Salt Lake, Utah

EXCHANGE YOUR DUPLICATES—Send 100 and time. Receive 100 and the ONLY set ever issued by **WHITE RUSSIA**. Large Pictorials, 10 val. Mint. **D. ROSE, 2855 Claflin Ave., New York, N. Y.**

HINGES! 1,000 peelable 10c. 10 diff. Foreign 5c. or 10 diff. U. S. 5c. or 1 Hawaii 5c. with cheap approvals. **C. F. RICHARDS, Box 77, Grand Central P. O., New York City.**

GIVEN 340 stamp (beautiful Portuguese shepherd). Also only stamp showing Mussolini in all his glory, mermaid, silver jubilee and coronation stamps, jungle frank, ships and many others given to approval applicants only for 5 cents. **Bay Nielsen, Cornwall, Ont., Canada.**

1000 MIXED with approvals and **15 CENTS** rebate slips. Send **REYNOLDS, 1116 East Denny Way, Seattle, Wash.**

FREE MEXICAN "MOSQUITO" STAMP showing Giant Mosquito, POLAND, DANZIG (in the news), ICELAND, (NIN), U. S. etc., with Approvals. Send 3c postage.

EARL C. PINKERTON, 5606-A Lansdowne Ave., Phila., Pa.

SPAIN, 6 Large Mint Stamps, Year 1907. Only 5c. Unusual Issue, King & Queen. **Smith & Co., Box 6618, N.E. Sta., Kansas City, Mo.**

FREE!! 20 DIFFERENT CANADA to approval applicants. H. Hunkler, Box 225-70, Minneapolis, Minn.

INEXPENSIVE 1/2c APPROVALS. MORLI, 3 W. Canton St., Boston Massachusetts

FREE!!! Two Coronation Sets, Postage 3c. **ROBERTS, 312L Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Michigan.**



A NEW series of United States stamps, the Famous American Commemoratives, honoring authors, artists, poets, educators, inventors, composers, scientists, will soon be issued. There will be five denominations in each of the seven groups—one cent, one and one-half cent, two cents, three cents, and five cents. Each of the groups will honor the five most famous Americans in its classification. The Post Office Department will try to release at least one group before the close of 1939, and the remaining sets will go on sale during 1940.

The Union of South Africa has issued three stamps to commemorate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the Huguenots in South Africa. As usual with the stamps of this British Dominion, they are printed in alternate rows of English and Afrikaans. The design for the one penny green and dark-brown shows the building known as "Ou Pastorie"—the Old Vicarage. Situated in the town of Paarl, which became the headquarters of the Huguenot settlement during the eighteenth century, the building finally passed over to the Dutch Reformed Church and was occupied by its ministers. The town council of Paarl has recently acquired the property and improved and restored it. Known officially as the Huguenot Monument, it will be used to house a collection of antiques. To typify the French character of the Huguenots, a symbolical representation of the fleur-de-lis has been incorporated in the border design of this interesting new stamp.

The two penny red and blue-green shows the rising sun surmounted by a brilliant cross in the heavens, to commemorate the gallant sacrifices of the members of the Reformed Churches of France for their cause.

A scene from the peaceful Drakenstein Mountain Valley, stretching from French Hook to Wollington, is shown on the three penny violet and green-blue. It was here that the Huguenot refugees set up their first home. The border design is made up of grape leaves, vine, and grapes. These same stamps have also been issued with the "S.W.A." overprint, for use in South West Africa.

Four exceptionally attractive stamps were issued by Hungary, in honor of the Girl Scout Pax-ting held in Gödöllő three months ago. Each stamp bears across the top the inscription "I. PAX-TING," an invented Girl Scout word for world-wide gatherings. Pax means peace (Latin) and Ting means gathering (Icelandic). The Roman numeral I, of course, means "first." The world trefoil emblem of the organization appears on each stamp. Upon the two filler rust-brown, a hand is raised in salute against an olive

BIG STAMP OUTFIT FREE

Stamp Collectors! Get this big amazing stamp outfit absolutely free! Each outfit contains: Scarce **Airmail Triangle** from the Mozambique Co., genuine **North Borneo**, Buffalo Transport, fine packet, **Jungleland Countries** only as real thrillers including Sarawak (White Rajah), Belgian Congo (Slave Colony), Perak, Sudan (Desert Scene) etc., also set U. S. stamps 50 years old, and extra **Surprise Gift**—this big outfit absolutely FREE with dandy approvals and big lists. Send 3c for postage.

MIDWOOD STAMP CO., Dept. 5G, Midwood Station, Brooklyn, N.Y.

50 DIFFERENT, FINE U.S.—10c

Many Commemorative, Columbian to date, Airmail, etc. Perforation Gauge and approvals.

THE STAMP SHOP
815 HOLLAND BLDG. ST. LOUIS, MO.

MOST LOVELY LADY!

Queen Astrid Mourning stamp of Belgium (most beautiful in the world) and scarce Egypt Airmail (both illustrated); also famous Australia, Aztec Commemorative (Cat. 25c unused), Albania, Macedonia, Palestine, and many other fine stamps in our big packet of 57 different from face-off 5c to 10c. Free to approval applicants.

E. Y. DEWEY, 1035 North Dearborn, Chicago, Ill.

\$2.50 1939 SCOTT'S CATALOG VALUE FOR 5c!

New Ecuador N. Y. World's Fair mint set 4 diff., a mint set of 6 popular Czechoslovakia and two expensive Belgium, together with Pkt. 100 Diff. Stamps. All For 5c with my "Better Value" Approvals.

VANCE E. WHITTEN, BOX 70, BRIDGMAN, MICH.

LIBERIA ZOO TRIANGLE!

(shown), also famous Will Rogers Airmail, Irish George Washington stamp, Italian, Abyssinia, Sahara Desert, pirate islands, South Seas, Ships, etc.—all FREE with big lists and approvals. Send 3c postage.

MONUMENTAL STAMP CO.
Arlington-A Baltimore, Md.

STAMP COLLECTION FREE!

Contains Africa; Confederate States (face similar); China "Wild Geese"; French Colonies; Beautiful Belgian Queen Astrid stamp, etc. all free to approval applicants sending 3c postage. 1000 hinges, 7c. Watermark Detector, 2c. 15 Confederate Prints 10c.

Tatham Stamp Co., 281 Belmont (G-11), Springfield, Mass.

FREE 20 different Borneo, Canal Zone, Natal, Uganda, Togo, etc., with approvals. Send 3c for postage.

COCHeco LIBRARIES, DOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

WHEN ORDERING STAMPS

from our advertisers, be sure to write your name and address clearly, and to give your FULL NAME and COMPLETE ADDRESS. The stamp dealer will do his best to fill your order carefully and promptly. You can avoid delays by making sure that your name and address are given in your order.

What are "APPROVALS"?

"Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. "Approvals" sent by advertisers involve no obligation on the part of the receiver except that they must be paid for, or returned promptly and in good condition.

The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing with it the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street address, city and state, and the invoice number.

branch. The shield of Hungary surmounted by the crown of St. Stephen forms the background for the lily of the Hungarian Girl Scouts on the six filler green. Two heads, a girl with Scout hat and a girl in national Hungarian headdress, is the design of the ten filler brown. The twenty filler lilac shows a

dove of peace with Hungarian and Girl Scout emblems.

Soviet Russia has released a set of ten commemorative stamps for the inauguration of the Soviet Union Agricultural Fair in Moscow. They are intended to portray the progress of peasant life in the Soviet Union

and have been issued in the following denominations—ten *kopecs* pink, fifteen *kopecs* brown, twenty *kopecs* black, thirty *kopecs* red-orange, thirty *kopecs* dull-purple, forty-five *kopecs* dull-green, fifty *kopecs* brown, sixty *kopecs* purple, eighty *kopecs* dull-purple, and one *ruble* brown.

"WHERE SHALL I HIDE?"

it on her own. She thrust her arms into the sleeves of the shirt and buttoned its one button, stepped into the frayed trousers, and kicked her feet into the soft dirt.

The men were coming out of the valley. Through the battered hat brim she could see them. They had put their horses to a lope. Guns lay across the saddles before them. Hoofs pounded up the hard, dry trail and danced to a sudden standstill before the house.

The warm sun beat down on Molly, but inside the tattered clothes she shivered. She clamped her teeth shut to still their chattering. The pole behind her back gave her a feeling of security. She leaned with the wind, letting her sleeves ripple. If only no one looked too closely!

Two of the men dismounted and went into the house. Two more were riding up to the barn. In a moment, voices came to her. Then Molly heard the grating, splintering sound of

furniture being kicked and thrown about.

Presently the men came out of the house and out of the barn. One went to the well and let down the bucket. She could hear the windless creak as the bucket was drawn up. They drank deeply, though the horses were allowed only a few sips. There was great stamping of hoofs and whinnying.

With bated breath Molly watched. Oh, if they would only leave! If only she might sink down on the ground and rest her shaking legs!

Some of the men went back inside the house. There was the brittle sound of breaking glass, the brassy sound of pots and pans dropped against each other. They would be hunting something to eat, probably. Yes, now all but one had gone inside.

The passing minutes were lifetimes—lifetimes filled with apprehension. More clang-

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

ing. Loud voices. The splintering crash of wood.

Then suddenly the men came out of the house. They were mounting, riding away, six galloping horses in a cloud of dust. Hoofbeats merged at last with the stillness.

An hour later, when Molly was convinced the men would not return, she pulled off the old hat and wiped her perspiring face on a tattered shirt sleeve. Slipping off the old garments, she hung them on the pole, and crept warily to the barn. Hardly had she reached its shelter when the creak of wheels told her someone was coming. She went to the door and peered cautiously out over the prairie.

Mother and Father, coming home!

Molly darted out, ran past the house and down the slope to meet the slow-moving wagon. "Hello," she called thankfully, as she ran. "Oh, hello!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

tentatively before the mirror. "Politeness, of course. If Cousin Ruth asks us to go over to West Park for the picnic, what can Honey Ann do? And Cousin Ruth is an understanding soul. (Besides I've often thought she was disappointed we weren't more sportive.) May I borrow a sheet from you? Mine are all in use on account of Cousin Ruth."

Cousin Ruth arrived at five in her natty roadster, and beamed while the girls unwrapped her customary "little gifts," this time a bright printed housecoat for each of them.

"And oh, Cousin Ruth, there's Miss Pepper, our new astronomy teacher," Sara cried from the window. "Yoo-hoo, Miss Pepper! Come on, Cousin Ruth, I want you to meet her."

When they came back, some half hour later, Cousin Ruth's kindly glance lingered on Honey Ann's drooping figure, busy over the picnic box.

"Shall we start on the picnic now?" Honey Ann murmured. "I believe everything's ready, Cousin Ruth."

"Oh, there's no hurry," said Cousin Ruth. "It's fun for me just to sit in a dormitory room and pretend I'm a girl again!"

Cousin Ruth enjoyed sitting there, and she enjoyed strolling around the campus, and she enjoyed taking the girls for a leisurely ride around the city. A few lights were beginning to glow when they drew up before a little pavilion in West Park.

"This is a nice place, isn't it?" she said, and parked the car.

Sara, in the rumble seat with her roommate, turned her face away from Honey's pleading glance, and nimbly jumped out. "You help Cousin Ruth carry the thermos jug," she called over her shoulder, heaving up the picnic box herself.

Honey Ann, usually the most deliberate and dainty of eaters, choked through her

cheese sandwich and helping of potato salad, and watched with anguished eyes the luxurious deliberateness of Cousin Ruth and the girls. Sara lay on her back on the grass and watched the paling sky.

"Isn't this the very nicest time of day?" she cried, waving a sandwich at a star. "So calm, so quiet, with only a few bats flying around."

"I—I have a lot of studying to do," Honey Ann said hesitantly. "I—I wonder if we could go home soon?"

"Oh, goodness, you don't need to study yet," Cousin Ruth answered placidly. She peered at her watch through the dusk. "Not quite seven-thirty! I'll take you now if you feel you must—but do let's enjoy this a little longer!"

Honey Ann moistened her lips (lips that had never yet formed a rude word to an elder), looked desperately at the averted faces of Sara and Louise, shut her mouth in a nervous line.

"It's a bit cool, isn't it?" said Cousin Ruth presently. "Sara, would you mind getting me my coat out of the car?" As Sara obediently ran off, she added, "Oh, dear, I'm afraid she won't find it. It's tucked down under the seat. You go help her, Louise."

They seemed to have trouble finding the coat. Cousin Ruth and Honey Ann went into the summer house and sat there alone for several minutes in the deepening dark.

"It's so restful, isn't it?" Sara's cousin murmured.

"Yes, Cousin Ruth," said Honey Ann almost inaudibly, a little white-faced shadow in the dimness of the summer house.

The rolling lawn and the uncut meadow beyond were swimming in soft darkness now; the trees were black against the sky. Stars twinkled hesitantly like fly-away candles, and the dark smudges of bats dipped silently around the quiet summer house.

THE STREAMLINED SPOOK

Suddenly Honey Ann clutched Cousin Ruth's warm arm. "Look! That's it! That's it!"

Across the meadow floated something, infinitely vague, infinitely weird. It was like a ghost dirigible, made of mist and carrying its own uncanny blue light. It was incredible, but it was there!

They watched with held breath, almost with held hearts. The ghost dirigible moved swiftly, surely, through the brooding darkness. It seemed to be calling them, impelling them to follow.

And then, as if hurled by a catapult, a dark figure shot up the pavilion steps. Another pair of cold hands clutched Cousin Ruth. "Look at that!" croaked a voice. "What is it?"

"Sara!" gasped Cousin Ruth. "Why— isn't it *you*?"

"It's *it*," whispered Honey Ann starkly. "It's what I saw before."

"Sara!" Louise's irritated hiss came from behind the pavilion. "For goodness sake, what's the matter? What's happened? You dropped your sheet!"

Sara's voice was barely an echo of her voice. "Look!"

Louise stalked up the steps. "Well?" she said in a loud, normal tone. "What of it? That's a kind of will-o'-the-wisp. Weird, isn't it? We learned about them in astronomy last year. They're probably caused by combustion of gas formed in decomposition of some kind. That meadow over there isn't drained, so it gets phosphorescent, or something. Nobody knows exactly what causes them."

The cold alien fearsomeness of the night suddenly melted away. Cousin Ruth gave a slightly creaky chuckle.

"I declare, if I wasn't taken aback myself!" she said. "In the first place, that Sara could produce such an effect; in the second

Announcing GIRL SCOUT WEEK RADIO PROGRAMS

ALL during Girl Scout Week, via radio, you will hear announcements, tributes, and special salutations and greetings on your favorite sustaining and commercial network programs. A bulletin giving detailed listings will be mailed to all councils. But don't miss these two very important ones:

"THE HISTORY OF GIRL SCOUTING" in music, song, and narration, Friday, Nov. 3, 4:00 to 4:30 P.M. (EST). CBS Network, originating WABC, with Paul Whiteman, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Lanny Ross, and Edith Meiser.

"LET'S TALK IT OVER" with Alma Kitchell, Hazel Rawson Cades, "Good Looks" Editor of *Woman's Home Companion*, and a Flown-up Brownie, a Junior and a Senior Girl Scout, Wednesday, Nov. 1, 1:30 to 1:45 P.M. (EST), NBC Red Network, originating WEAF.

place, that she hadn't. I don't blame Honey Ann for having been so frightened."

"Are you *sure* about it, Lou?" Honey Ann quavered, a world of doubt in her voice.

"Of course," said Louise. "Why did your act fold up, Sara?"

Sara began to laugh. "Because I was scared," she said, "scared to death. I was going to be a ghost and uncondition you, Honey, pet. We were so sure your brother must have been the ghost the other time."

Honey Ann gave a weak little giggle and found Sara's hand and Louise's. "Will-o'-the-wisp! I always thought a will-o'-the-

wisp looked like a firefly. Well, I think you were plumb insulting to think I'd let Timmie scare me like that, but thanks for your efforts all the same. And now I can take astronomy!"

"I suppose your Negro nurse was probably right, after all," Louise said slowly, "and that there have been cases where it has led men off into the swamps to die."

"Look, there it comes again!" Sara cried, and they were silenced, in spite of themselves, watching the eerie thing. She laughed ruefully. "And I thought I could be a ghost! There's the streamlined spook!"

THE QUEEN *is in the* COUNT- ING HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

promotion and attainment of an executive position.

How can the prospective woman bank employee acquire the technical knowledge necessary for her job? She does not need to be a college graduate, but as a foundation, I cannot overemphasize the importance for her of a well-rounded education, including literature, history, languages, sociology, psychology, the humanities. In addition, she should elect those courses pertaining to the technic of finance—economics, business management, money, banking, investments, accounting, bookkeeping, credits, and so on. Many of these specific subjects are not found in the usual school or college curriculum, but they appear in most summer school catalogs. Correspondence courses in financial subjects abound. The American Institute of Banking conducts a particularly comprehensive correspondence course, and employees of banks may enroll in their evening schools organized throughout the country.

There is one type of employee, the importance of whom I wish especially to em-

phasize—the teller. The teller is the connecting link between the management and the public. To the teller's window comes the regular daily depositor who may never have occasion to consult an executive, but the reputation of the bank for friendliness and efficiency may be built up or destroyed by this brief daily contact. If the tellers are courteous and have an understanding of human relationships, as well as being efficient and expert in handling their numerous business transactions, a high esteem for banking service will be maintained in every community.

Young women throughout the United States have been particularly successful in this type of work and, in the bank of to-morrow, the woman teller should play an important rôle.

For you who are considering banking as a career, I urge, "Become acquainted with your bank, talk over your problem with the women bankers in your town." To you who will be the bank women of to-morrow, I say, "Long live the Queen in the Counting House!"

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES

FREDERICK CARL FRIESEKE

1874-1939

SHORT, rather rotund Frederick Carl Frieseke, whose lifelong interest was the capturing of light and sunshine in his painting, was a genial man who looked happily at life and found it good. Born in 1874 in Owosso, Michigan, he was educated in the public schools. He began his art studies when he was in his twenties, at the Chicago Art Institute, and continued them at the Art Students' League in New York. In 1898 he went to Paris where Constant, Laurens, and Whistler were his teachers, although he, himself, has said he was less influenced by any other artist than by his own long study of sunlight—though, of course, to this young man already fascinated by rendering the elusive play of light and shadow on open air subjects, Monet must have been a sympathetic and congenial spirit.

In 1905 Frieseke married an American girl, Sarah A. O'Bryan, and settled in France which was his home for the rest of his life—for many years in the very house that belonged to Monet in Giverny. His only daughter, who lives in America, married the son of the poet, Joyce Kilmer, author of "Trees."

Because of the strength and significance of his compositions, Frieseke has avoided the pitfall of empty technical dexterity in his portrayal of light. He believed in painting from life exactly as the subject appeared to him at the moment, with a treatment direct and forceful. He did not overload his canvases with pigment and never repainted when an effect did not suit him, but scraped the canvas clean to avoid any darkening or muddying of his bright color. He was less interested in beauty of face and form than in

fortunate combinations of light and shade, and indeed his figures are more often parts of his color design than interpretations of character. His hobby was fishing and much of the spontaneous joy he found in sunlit streams and pools sings in his outdoor paintings. In his brilliant garden scenes, flowers are not reproduced in detail but as dazzling spots of light and color. His interior compositions, slightly crowded with details of furniture, flowered chintzes, and striped draperies, are gay and sparkling. Compositions like that of the painting, "In the Library," the frontispiece for this month, were favorites with the artist—the figure of a girl or a woman, either indoors or out, in the throbbing atmosphere of sunlight and shadow.

Frieseke's individual style has long been known and appreciated in this country. During the twenties John Wanamaker commissioned him to paint the murals for the space over the elevators on the main floor of the Philadelphia store. The artist executed four large panels, each about eighteen by thirty feet, depicting outdoor scenes flooded with sunshine playing over the figures of women and brilliant with splashes of color in masses of flowers. Only a year before his death, in August 1939, at his home in France, a one-man show which included over fifty of his paintings was held in New York. He received many honors and was a member of many societies, including the *Salon des Beaux Arts*; he was an Associate Member of the National Academy. His paintings are represented in the permanent collections of many museums, both at home and abroad.

—M.C.

A Good Idea



CAREFULLY but energetically Jean pruned branches from the small evergreen trees in Joan's backyard, loading her chum's arms with fragrant greenery. "You were a pretty smart girl, Jo, to think of planting these trees for Christmas decorations. Now we won't need to buy stuff for our wreaths, or to gather wild evergreens, either."

"Not so smart," Joan assured her. "Just horrified at the way people go around breaking branches of spruces and balsams at holiday time, without thinking about spoiling the trees. It wasn't my idea, anyway. Planting evergreens for Christmas decorations is a conservation project, you know."

"Well, it's a good idea, whoever thought of it," Jean straightened up. "There! I think we have enough, with what you cut this morning. Let's go up to your room and read the December *AMERICAN GIRL* before we start making the wreaths. This pruning is strenuous."

● It was pleasant in Joan's room. The girls settled themselves on the window seat, with a box of fudge between them, and the magazine, with its gay Christmas cover, spread open on their knees.

"Now here's a story I'm keen about," said Joan, turning to "*Comfort and Joy*," by Mary Avery Glen. "It has so much Christmas spirit—and I can just see the Merriams' old house, from the basement kitchen to the two little bedrooms upstairs and the black Hole of Calcutta."

● "Uh-huh," Jean spoke eagerly. "And I can see Meg's room, too, with the back porch opening off it—and the long parlors." She bent over the magazine. "This Midge story, *Jingle Bells*, is grand—and so is the Lucy Ellen story, *Nick of Time*."

"To say nothing of *Winter Cottage*," added Joan. "Isn't that a de-

lightful serial? I do love a mystery story, and this one has so much charm as well as excitement."

"You said it," Jean reached for a square of fudge. "I've read this installment, and the story gets better and better as it goes along."

"I'm crazy to see what Ethel Severson has to say about skiing in Sun Valley, aren't you?" said Joan. "And about making winter sports movies. This article of Ellis Credle's on Christmas in the South looks terribly interesting, too. Don't you think we'd have time to read those two—and Brita Lilius's article about Christmas in South Africa—before we start making the wreaths?"

●
If your subscription has run out mail the renewal to-day. Send \$1.50 for one year, or \$2.00 for two years, to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS FAITHFULLY FULFILLED WITH GIRL SCOUT GIFTS



Official Dolls are 14" tall, and dressed in removable uniforms of official cloth.

11-941 Brownie Doll\$1.25
11-942 Girl Scout Doll..... 1.50

Bookends of cedar, natural finish, are 4 3/4" high, and brightened with touches of green and gold. 11-693 Pair.....\$1.00

A Recipe File, with back and front covered with pressed cork is made with ten indexed compartments of heavy Manila paper. 11-611\$1.00

A Pot Holder is checked and bound in gold, with the delightful design in green. 11-592\$.10

Napkins, newly designed, are printed in brown and green on linen-texture paper. A pack of 30 napkins comes sanitarily safe in cellophane. 11-613 Pack....\$.10

A Cookie Box, covered with pressed cork, has red borders and colorful kitchen design. Diam. 8", height 3 1/8". 11-593\$1.25

A Diary is for household secrets, and domestic data, as well as nature notes and important dates. 20-391 1940 Diary.....\$.10

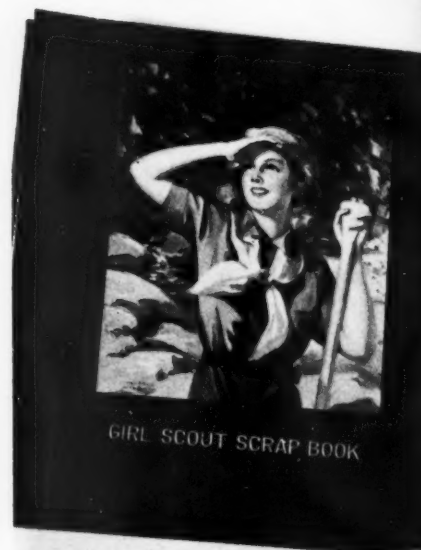
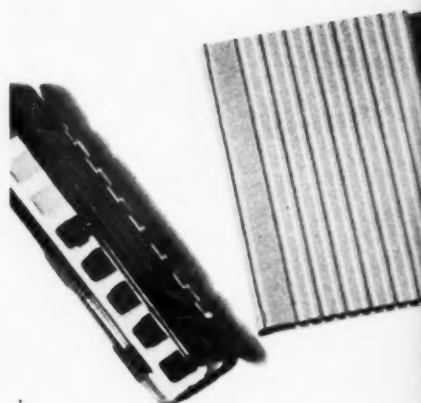
The Diary Cover is of green leatherette, designed with a pocket for loose notes, and a pencil. 20-396.....\$.25

The Commonplace Book, delightfully different, is completely blank except for a Foreword suggesting the many interesting uses for the 160 pages of heavy white paper. 11-617.....\$.50

The Paint Box of enameled tin contains 8 half-pans of semi-moist water colors (red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet, brown and black) and a No. 7 camel's hair brush. 11-631.....\$.25

A Scrap Book, gay in a green leatherette cover with colored illustration, has 80 looseleaf pages of cream mounting paper. 11-619.....\$.50

The Snow Set of myrtle green all-wool yarn is trimmed in white and light green. 8-245 Mittens, sizes 6, 7, and 8.....\$1.25
8-246 Scarf 1.25
8-247 Socks, sizes 8 1/2-11..... 1.25
8-248 Set of mittens, socks (state sizes), and scarf..... 3.25



GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.,
National Equipment Service

14 West 49th Street,
New York, New York

